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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

MR. LINCOLN'S Message, though it is neither eloquent nor especially interesting, possesses several negative merits. In the first place, it is the shortest document of the kind which has, in modern times, been addressed to Congress, and, although the proper topics are mentioned in due order, no space is wasted in rhetorical verbiage. It is still more worthy of note that not a single discourteous phrase is addressed to any foreign Power. When American Presidents in former times had little pressing business on their hands, they habitually sought for opportunities of offering safe insults to England. Mr. BUCHANAN was the first to discontinue the obnoxious practice, and Mr. LINCOLN has followed his example. It is true that the SECRETARY of the NAVY supplies the omission of his chief by scolding, with impotent fury, about the Confederate cruisers which have been built in England. The same Minister hastened to offer the thanks of his Department to the perpetrator of the *Trent* outrage, and he is capable of promoting Captain COLLINS for his recent combination of piratical violence with personal bad faith. It is fortunately not the business of the English Government to overhear the internal scandal which may pass between subordinate American functionaries and the Executive or the Legislature. As long as Mr. SEWARD's official communications and Mr. LINCOLN's public declarations are friendly or inoffensive, the reports of the various Secretaries to Congress are exempt from foreign remonstrance. The only announcement in the PRESIDENT's Message which directly concerns English interests relates to the measures which are about to be adopted on the Canadian frontier. Notice has been legally—or, in Mr. LINCOLN's curious language, constitutionally—given that the limitation of naval force on the great lakes, which has lasted since the Treaty of Ghent, is to be discontinued after six months; and the PRESIDENT also recommends that Congress should reconsider the continuation or abolition of the rights of trade and transit which are provided by the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854. He expressly adds that the Canadian authorities are not unfriendly to the United States, and he expresses a hope that they will prevent fresh incursions across the border. As the collective injuries which have been caused by all the enterprises of Confederate partisans in Canada are utterly insignificant, it is unfortunate that the PRESIDENT should make one or two unavoidable irregularities an excuse for proceedings which are calculated to produce much jealousy and annoyance. There is not the smallest occasion for an increase of the American lake flotillas, unless it is thought expedient to prepare for a future invasion of Canada; and, as the English Government will be forced to make corresponding preparations, the proposed armaments will impose upon both countries a wholly useless burden. Mr. COBDEN himself might perhaps doubt the expediency of abolishing an agreement which has exemplified for fifty years the very principles which he has himself long advocated for the regulation of European navies. The impending interruption of the trade between Canada and the States might also seem questionable to the leader of the Corn-law League. The high duties of the American tariff are probably incompatible with free commercial intercourse along the vast Northern frontier, and there may perhaps be some political advantage in measures which will constitute an additional motive for uniting the English provinces into a powerful Federation. If the right of transit from Upper Canada to the Atlantic is withdrawn, the colonists will find it necessary to provide at once the railway communication which will render them permanently independent of foreigners.

English philanthropists will be distressed to learn that the American PRESIDENT rejoices in the suppression of the Taiping rebellion, and that he even mentions with complacency the aid which has been afforded to the Imperial cause by his own and by the European Governments. If it is urged, in Mr.

LINCOLN's excuse, that he is naturally prejudiced against rebels in all parts of the world, the apology will fail to cover his simultaneous approval of the warlike diplomacy which has been lately practised in Japan. An inland sea has, as he truly remarks, been opened to commerce, and an American vessel accompanied the French and English squadrons which effected the operation with their broadsides. "There is reason to believe," according to Mr. LINCOLN, "that these proceedings have rather increased than diminished the friendship of Japan towards the United States." As the American Minister in Japan has supported with uniform cordiality every detail of English policy, it may be inferred that a little wholesome force has still more effectually increased the friendship of Japan to England. The relations of the Government of the United States with the little South American Republics are but moderately interesting to the rest of the world. When the PRESIDENT states that no change has occurred in his political relations with Mexico, it is doubtful whether he still professes to recognise the extinct Government of JUAREZ. In his acceptance of the Chicago nomination, he declared his continued adhesion to the so-called Monroe doctrine, while he at the same time prudently reserved to himself the right of selecting the proper time and opportunity for enforcing American claims. Modern diplomacy inclines more and more to the reasonable system of acknowledging all Governments which exist, even to the detriment of legitimate pretenders; and republics which have the misfortune of making room for monarchies must submit to the common destiny. A *de jure* President, whose Generals have successively sold themselves to a *de facto* Emperor, after being beaten by his troops, no longer provides a base for any political relations whatever. If the American PRESIDENT still accredits a Minister to JUAREZ, he involuntarily imitates the perverseness of Spain or of Rome in maintaining relations with the fugitive King of NAPLES.

Both at home and abroad, the portion of the Message which refers to the war will have been eagerly scrutinized; yet it was unreasonable to expect that, immediately after the exhaustive controversies of the Presidential contest, Mr. LINCOLN could have any novelty to disclose. He has been elected to continue the war, and it is impossible that he should at present vary from the policy which has been approved by a decisive majority of his constituents. The expectations which were suggested by General BUTLER's speech at New York appear to have been erroneous. The PRESIDENT has recognised the utter inutility of offering terms of peace which would involve, on the part of the Confederate Government, the surrender of the whole cause of the war. While Mr. LINCOLN declines purposeless negotiations, he abstains from the use of irritating language; and he intimates with sufficient clearness his intention of extending an amnesty to the Southern leaders, if they are at any time disposed to make overtures for peace. Instead of adopting General BUTLER's plan of confiscating the whole Confederate territory after a short interval for the benefit of Northern settlers, Mr. LINCOLN only announces, in vague official language, that at some indefinite period the conditions of pardon may become more rigorous. With a kind of odd simplicity which belongs to his character, he pays Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS the high compliment of describing him, not only as the ruler and organ, but as the sole representative, of the Confederacy. Mr. LINCOLN is perfectly satisfied that his usurping rival is implacably in earnest. As he says, "he does not attempt to deceive us, and he affords no excuse to deceive ourselves. He cannot 'voluntarily re-accept the Union. We cannot voluntarily yield it.' " What, however, is true of him who heads the "insurgent cause, is not necessarily true of those who follow. "Although he cannot re-accept the Union, they can." There is not the smallest reason for supposing that the death or retirement of the Confederate PRESIDENT would affect the

unanimous resolution of the South, but it is evident that the framers of the new Constitution committed a mistake in not reserving to the people power, in extraordinary contingencies, of re-electing the PRESIDENT. At that time it was not thought possible that, even if the North declared war, the contest would occupy an entire Presidential term. If the struggle has not been terminated in the spring of 1867, the retirement of Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS will involve a great and useless sacrifice.

The PRESIDENT advises Congress to adopt an amendment to the Constitution by which slavery will be abolished. In this and in other instances, the Northern Government unconsciously admits that it no longer represents the former Union; for a Constitution amended in the absence of ten or eleven States would evidently not be binding on the excluded members of the original Federation. The proposed change is, however, a conclusive answer to the declaration of Mr. SEWARD, and of the Republican papers, that the restoration of the Union is the sole condition of peace. If the Constitution is altered so as to prohibit slavery in the United States, no slave-holding community can hereafter be re-admitted into the Federal body. The maintenance of the Emancipation decree is less important, for the measure has been necessarily inoperative beyond the range of the Northern armies, and the slaves who have been liberated would, under any circumstances, have profited by Northern occupation. Mr. LINCOLN declares that he will under no circumstances be the instrument of restoring to slavery any person who has been emancipated under his proclamation, or by any Act of Congress. It is highly improbable that the undoubted sincerity of his announcement should ever be exposed to a practical test.

Two short paragraphs of the Message are allotted to the engrossing topic of the war. The PRESIDENT asserts, with imperfect accuracy, that all the important lines and positions which were occupied a year ago have been maintained, and that the Federal armies have steadily advanced. The statement is perhaps literally true, as the fortified places and great lines of communication have, with few exceptions, been unassailed; but the frontier line of Northern invasion has, nevertheless, receded in several directions. In Texas, in Florida, in Arkansas, and in Louisiana, the Confederates have recovered much territory which had been conquered; and even in Tennessee, the ground which was won by ROSENCRANZ in 1863 is now partially occupied by the army of HOOD. General GRANT's campaign receives no special mention, and SHERMAN's expedition is properly described as "an attempted march." The PRESIDENT, however, speaks more cheerfully of the national resources than of the exploits of the armies. The population of the Northern States has increased notwithstanding the ravages of the war, and the country enjoys great material prosperity. Experience alone can show whether it will be possible, by conscription or enlistment, to replace the unparalleled losses of three bloody campaigns.

THE COLENSO TRIAL.

WE have no intention of imitating the bad example set by some of our contemporaries, by arguing in favour of either litigant in the COLENSO case, while the judgment of the Court is in suspense. But the opportunity is a favourable one for considering the policy out of which this litigation springs. At the present moment, there is a comparative lull in the strife, but it is merely one of those deceptive intervals in which the tempest is gathering new strength. The LORD CHANCELLOR for the moment is acting the part of AEOLUS, and imprisoning the winds of controversy. But the moment he has delivered his judgment they will be free. The two Bishops will betake themselves to such new weapons of forensic conflict as their experienced advisers shall select for them. The followers on either side, unfettered by legal forms, will plunge into a general *mélée* of printed warfare; and amid the volleys of theological epithets, and the din of agitation, it will not be easy for the lovers of peace to procure a hearing. But now, while the combined influences of suspense and Christmas gaiety are inducing a transient fit of mutual charity, it may be worth the while of influential Churchmen to consider what is the road on which they are travelling, and whither it is likely to lead.

What do they suppose the result of these litigations will be? They have failed in one; the other is still in course of being tried, and, whichever way the present suit is determined, it will probably be carried to some further stage. But, assuming that they had won both, what is the precise advantage with the flattering hope of which

they lubricated their souls? No judgment of the Privy Council could or can do much to draw the teeth of the "heretics," however gratifying, in a purely combative sense, a judicial success might be to their opponents. The orthodoxy of the inhabitants of Broad Chalke and Great Staughton had, in the passive density of the rustic mind, a defence against the assaults of new ideas far stronger than any that the Privy Council could supply. And, considering how easily the insidious Zulus have seduced their Prelate from the paths of orthodoxy, it almost sounds like a mockery to suggest that his return among them would do them any harm. The simple-minded creature would only continue to furnish them with a harmless subject for their sceptical propagandism. But then, perhaps, it is not for themselves, but by way of an example, that stragglers are to be punished. The idea possibly was, though it did not much matter to anybody what happened to the three particular men selected for attack, yet their punishment might deter numbers of other budding heretics who were on the point of declaring for STRAUSS and RENAN, but who, with the fear of the Privy Council before their eyes, would forthwith become ardent and efficacious preachers of the true word. Now that is precisely the point at which the influential Churchmen who have set these suits on foot make such a mistake. They will imagine that all kinds of persecution are equally effective. They will not distinguish between the miserable suspensions and deprivations which are the only secular remedies left at the disposal of the nineteenth century orthodoxy, and the drastic prescriptions which worked such magnificent results in the able hands of TORQUEMADA and ALVA. We are far from underrating the efficacy of persecution. Nothing is so foolish as the cant into which some recent writers have fallen about the impotence of secular power to repress the progress of thought. There are no two countries upon the Continent in which Romanism is so strong as in Belgium and Spain, and those are precisely the two countries in which TORQUEMADA and ALVA exercised their enlightened sway. But then it must be persecution of the kind which these two worthy men practised. The persecution which breaks all it cannot bend may not, indeed, succeed in converting the existing generation, but it can hardly fail to secure the power of making, in the main, what it pleases of the generations that are to come. But the persecution which teases without disabling is simply a wholesome stimulus, an invigorating bath. If it were possible to grill Dr. COLENSO, to put Mr. WILSON into the boot, and to make Mr. WILLIAMS a little longer upon the rack, there would be very little written or preached in the British Empire, inconsistent with the theology of the Bishops, for a very long time to come. Whatever other consequences might result, the supremacy of the impugned dogmas would be complete. But this is one of the many cases in which half a loaf is not better than no bread. If the Bishops cannot silence men whose preaching they dislike or dread, harassing them with prosecutions will do no good at all. Heretic-hunting is a sport subject to the same prudential rules as tiger-shooting; if you cannot kill, it is wiser not to fire.

It is not merely failure that is the result of these futile litigations. It is not merely that importance, popularity, and an audience are secured by them to men who, left to themselves, would have remained obscure. It is not merely that the sympathies of the young and generous are ranged in hostility to the Church, at a time of life when most men's opinions take their unalterable shape. There is a far graver evil even than these, for which the Bishops who, with the best intentions, have promoted the two suits are answerable. They have thrown the most sacred and difficult questions, as it were, into the gutter of popular discussion. We live in a day of universal, and therefore very superficial, discussion. The machinery for popularizing abstruse subjects has reached to so high a perfection that no one is repelled from entering upon any question by any modest doubts as to his ability to do it justice. Everybody therefore discusses, and everybody forms his opinion upon all subjects of the day, with exactly that amount of preparation which may be obtained by a cursory glance over the magazines and newspapers. It is sufficiently obvious that nothing is less desirable than that any theological question should be promoted to the honour of being a subject of the day. Ideas of the most unfamiliar class, and but half comprehensible by human intellects, expressed in words of a highly technical character, that have been invested with special meanings by the labour of generations of thoughtful students, are not happy subjects for the careless gossip of every-day English life. It is well that they should be fully discussed in compositions devoted to the treatment of them. But those who

push controversy upon them to such a length that it becomes part of the ordinary subject-matter of ordinary conversation do no good service to religion. Of all theological ideas to be subjected to this treatment, inspiration is perhaps the most unsuitable. There is a false appearance of simplicity about the word which makes it very ensnaring. Most people, when they pronounce it, think that they attach an idea to it, and fully believe, until they come to hunt for one, that they could furnish a description of the process which it indicates at a moment's notice. That it represents a condition of consciousness strange not only to our own experience and that of fifty generations back, but wholly without analogy to any mental state that we know of, is a difficulty that rarely occurs to those who glibly roll off opinions upon its extent and its effects. The mysterious process which, in cases so few, has brought the finite intelligence into direct contact with the Infinite, and whose mode of operation, shrouded from the eye of every human witness, was only known, if known, to the brain upon which it was working, is, of all the ideas within the scope of theological thought, the one that should have been preserved with the tenderest care from the rude handling of unlearned minds and careless tongues. But even this is not the worst that the promoters of this litigation have done. It appears that these questions are to become not only subjects for common gossip, but for electioneering cries. Students of history know well how much of holy influence is retained by dogmas which have been dragged through the mud of a party conflict.

These are the inevitable penalties of resorting to a Court of Law for the vindication of orthodoxy in such questions as these. We do not say that the law can never be advantageously invoked to force an incumbent to abide by the contract into which he entered in accepting his living. The extreme rights in possession of patrons would become intolerable if no appeal from them were in any case possible. But so hazardous a remedy ought only to be used where the infraction of the law is clear and certain, and where, therefore, the prosecution is not likely to range any influential body of supporters upon the side of the offender. In doubtful cases, where a fair contest can be maintained, and the cry of persecution be plausibly raised, the damaging effect upon the public mind will far outweigh any advantages that can be hoped for as the result of a technical success.

REFORM PROJECTS.

THE political projectors who have for some years employed themselves in devising safe and just systems of Reform are distinguished by their honesty and fairness. The assumptions with which they start in their investigations are plausible, if not absolutely true. They believe that it is unjust or inexpedient that the majority of the population should be excluded from the electoral franchise, and they are at the same time aware that good government can only be secured by the influence of the wealthier and more educated classes. The reconciliation of apparently conflicting rights and duties is a problem which naturally attracts thoughtful and upright politicians. Mr. HARE, Mr. JAMES MARSHALL, Lord GREY, and Mr. BUXTON have attempted various solutions which deserve respectful attention. Mr. HARE's ingenious mechanism for protecting the minority against the despotism of numbers has been approved by several writers of respectable authority; but it has the defect of relaxing the connexion between members and constituencies, and the plan is too complicated to satisfy the first condition of popularity by becoming generally intelligible. A Yorkshireman will never understand the meaning of a vote which may perhaps return his favourite candidate, not for the West Riding, but for Sussex or Bristol. A representative who would seem to be appropriated by accident to the seat which he occupied would fail to command the confidence of his nominal constituents. No Minister or leader of Opposition could learn the real feelings of the country from members who might probably be unacquainted with the districts for which they sat. It is a fatal objection to Mr. HARE's elaborate contrivance that it would require and create an art, or science, of administering it which would be exclusively familiar to professional election agents. The system of voting by ticket which prevails in the United States, though it is unavoidably adopted where constituencies are uniform in character and numerically large, destroys all regard for the character and ability of candidates. When every voter necessarily supports the choice of his party, the managers of elections enjoy the entire patronage of seats in the Legislature, and experience shows that they are wholly indifferent to the personal qualities of their nominees. A member of the House of Commons generally possesses some

influence from his position, his wealth, his reputation, his capacity, or his supposed integrity. A member of the House of Representatives is never for a moment supposed, by friends or enemies, to possess any moral, social, or intellectual superiority over the first passenger in the street. Mr. HARE's Parliamentary Constitution would be infinitely better contrived, but only a few experienced COPPOCKS or THURLOW WEEDS would be able to find their way about it. A labyrinth is not a convenient dwelling-house, especially as the inmates are dependent on the ARIADNE who keeps the clue.

If a minority is to be proportionally represented, it would be a simpler plan to adopt the single or the cumulative vote. If every ten-pound householder in a borough could at his pleasure give a double plumper, or if he were restricted to a single vote, neither party could monopolize the representation without a large numerical preponderance. As it is assumed in all these projects that the suffrage would at the same time be greatly extended, the upper and middle classes would generally vote on one side, and the working people on the other. The system would be rendered more practicable if each constituency returned three members, so that numbers and respectability might respectively be represented in the ratio of two to one. Mr. BUXTON, who justly doubts the soundness of the device, would attain the same object by applying to Parliamentary elections the parochial franchise by which large ratepayers enjoy several votes. Some years since, Mr. BRIGHT committed the flagrant blunder of offering to accept the very compromise which Mr. BUXTON now proposes in an entirely opposite spirit; but it soon appeared that Mr. BRIGHT had never taken the trouble to inquire whether parish vestries were purely democratic. As soon as he was informed by his vigilant critics that those who paid the rates also managed the parochial expenditure, the great advocate of democratic equality instantly abandoned an analogy which had proved to be inconveniently appropriate. It is a sufficient objection to the plan that it would be invidious as a novelty, although it might probably have commanded general approval if it had happened to form a part of the early Constitution of England. Political and religious organizations have a seed-time of their own, which has generally passed by before theoretical reformers begin to consider the necessity of improvement. There is still opportunity for weeding, but it is too late to put a fresh crop in the ground. The English nation is accustomed to be governed by a House of Commons returned by the equal votes of unequally arranged constituencies. It would be thought intolerable that a banker should count at the hustings for six mechanics, or for two retail tradesmen. On the same ground, Lord GREY's plan of indirect election may be summarily dismissed. Nobody would take the trouble to vote for electors unless, like the Presidential electors of the United States, they were mere delegates employed to perform a duty which the voters might as well discharge in the first instance.

As the great object of all judicious politicians is to give the highest class of operatives a reasonable share of electoral power, it is unfortunate that there are conclusive objections to the election by universal suffrage of a portion of the constituency. The example of the Scotch and Irish peers would alone be fatal to the project. Either of these respectable bodies returns representatives to the House of Lords, and the consequence is that, in both cases, the majority appoints a committee of its own partisans. There is, indeed, no real election of any kind; for, as the Conservatives control both peerages, Lord DERBY nominates the representative peers for Scotland and Ireland at his own discretion, as Lord PALMERSTON nominates bishops. In Leeds or Birmingham, an elected voter would perhaps owe less to individual favour, but he would be pledged in every case to support the candidate who professed the most extreme opinions. Credulous reformers are in the habit of asserting, in spite of Trades' Unions, that the working classes would divide into parties, and exercise political independence, as soon as they were admitted to the franchise, but the most sanguine optimists would scarcely expect them to elect moderate electors. The concession of the franchise to foremen, and to certain classes of skilled mechanics, would be more expedient, and more consistent with sound political doctrines. The object of all sensibly framed Constitutions is to discover the true aristocracy of the whole community, and of its principal sections. Election is only a contrivance for approximating to a true result, and it accomplishes its purpose tolerably well in England, because the higher classes have a large influence while they are excluded from a selfish monopoly. Large bodies of men never deliberately choose the best among themselves as rulers, unless they are aided and controlled by artificial regulations. The great advantage of the present system

is that the restrictions imposed on popular caprice are not visibly and ostentatiously contrived for the purpose. Small boroughs are extremely useful in protecting the minority, as well as in providing seats for some of the best members of the House of Commons; but Tiverton and Tamworth were not invented, like Mr. HARE's arithmetical puzzles, to express the profound distrust with which statesmen regard the multitude.

It is almost superfluous to investigate the defects of ingenious machines, which are mere models or toys until they are provided with a sufficient motive power. Lord GREY and his rivals are excellent patriots, but they neither sympathize with the real Reform party nor enjoy its confidence. Those who agree with their opinions would be contented to let well alone, and democrats are not likely, when they attain political supremacy, to undo their own work by hampering the exercise of the popular will. Those who wish for Reform wish for the rule of the majority, or, in other words, for the uncontrolled dominion of the poorer classes. The old-fashioned sieve will answer the purpose of stopping the coarser portions of matter. It is idle to pass the whole mass through, and then to pick out the lumps. Perhaps the best service which the mechanists of fancy Reform Bills can perform will be to act as moderators or mediators between the conscientious supporters of two opposite political systems. As they all admit the necessity of change, while some of them entertain strong popular sympathies, their testimony to the danger of pure democracy may be received with less suspicion. They might urge, in support of their own recommendations, the many curious shifts by which foreign countries endeavour to abate the evils of promiscuous suffrage. In Imperial France, every man has a right to vote, but the Prefect exhorts him, the village Mayor threatens him, and the Government candidate enjoys exclusive privileges of conciliating his favour. If the supporters of the Opposition meet together to the number of twenty, they are fined or imprisoned, and official ingenuity has even discovered a new crime, which is called deceiving universal suffrage. Finally, when the legislator is elected, he is not allowed to interfere with political affairs; and, on the whole, it would matter little to the constituency or to the country if the whole representative system were suddenly abolished. In almost every country on the Continent, Parliamentary power is insignificant, and even the model Republic of America contents itself with an Assembly which never even attempts to control the national policy. There is only one sovereign Parliament in the world, and its supremacy would perhaps not survive the deterioration of the constituency.

THE DUBLIN LIBEL CASE.

THE *cause célèbre* which has captivated and agitated all Dublin for a week is over. It has terminated, as was to be expected—even in spite of the nationality of the Court—with a verdict for the plaintiff, and a farthing damages. Irishmen as they were, the jurymen could not help admitting that a young woman who takes every possible means of insulting an eminent oculist and his wife is not irreparably injured if the oculist's wife complains in turn of the insult to the fair insulter's father. Miss TRAVERS, the plaintiff in the action, is a lady of the age of twenty-nine, and has known Sir WILLIAM WILDE's family for years. She insists, and has for some time insisted with curious pertinacity, that Sir WILLIAM WILDE, abusing his privileges of a friend and a medical adviser, took her virtue by storm, in his study, one fine day in October, 1862. There can be no question that Miss TRAVERS has made him pay dearly, during the ensuing years, for any indiscretion of which she desires that he may be suspected. Her method of revenging her asserted wrongs has been a singular, but not perhaps altogether an unfeminine, one. First of all, she sickened Sir WILLIAM with doses of garlic, administered to him privately, in moderate but effective quantities. Her next performance was to review unfavourably a work of Lady WILDE's, entitled the *First Temptation*. "Notum," says VIRGIL, "furens quid femina possit." A more awful revenge can scarcely be conceived. Miss TRAVERS objected to this volume as containing the seeds of immorality, and thus was enabled, as a conscientious reviewer, to visit upon the wife the precise sin of which she has since accused the husband. Then she took poison enough, in Sir WILLIAM's house, to make him very uneasy, but not quite enough to kill herself. Then she sent pamphlets by the score in all directions, narrating Sir WILLIAM WILDE's crimes, under a fictitious, but not an illusive, name. Lastly, she distributed papers to the same effect along the beach at Bray (where Lady WILDE was staying), by the medium of youthful newspaper

vendors. At length, after some forbearance, Lady WILDE wrote to Dr. TRAVERS, the father of her female foe, calling his attention to these and similar proceedings. Miss TRAVERS, with much promptitude, and with an energy which seems common to Irish heroines at large, at once brought an action for libel upon the letter, and seized the opportunity to present herself in the witness-box, and to narrate with nerve and circumstantiality the alleged incidents of her fall and of Sir WILLIAM WILDE's offence. The issue, whether or not Lady WILDE had libelled Miss TRAVERS, was clearly distinguishable from the issue whether or not Sir WILLIAM WILDE had been an unfaithful doctor and a seductive friend. The counsel employed by Sir WILLIAM and his wife took remarkable pains to keep the issues distinct. With much self-control, Sir WILLIAM WILDE declined (through his advisers) to place himself in the box to answer charges made against his honour. At first sight, it may be thought that an eminent oculist, who had recently been knighted by HER MAJESTY, would have been glad to avail himself of an occasion to repudiate publicly the accusation which had been so publicly made. Whatever his private reasons, Sir WILLIAM WILDE adopted, however, a contrary course. Possibly in Ireland it may be considered uncourteous, even under the greatest possible provocation, to contradict a lady. If Miss TRAVERS asserts that Sir WILLIAM WILDE forcibly obtained possession of her person by means of a temporary application of the garrotting system, far be it from a polished and chivalrous cavalier to give her the lie. An Irish jury may have been pleased rather than otherwise at the delicacy which led the gentleman to receive his fair antagonist's fire without returning it. Probably he suffered nothing by his silence. "Glory be to God, sir—Sir 'WILLIAM has fired in the air," would be doubtless the form of self-congratulation with which, like the waiter in Mr. LEVER's story, Sir WILLIAM's Dublin friends would welcome the news that Sir WILLIAM WILDE had endured to hear himself accused of rape rather than come forward to tell a lady that she was guilty of misrepresentation.

As Sir WILLIAM WILDE has not been anxious to give his version of the relations between himself and the excitable Miss TRAVERS, the public must be content without it. Even if Miss TRAVERS's tale be not the fruit of hysterical hallucination, and of a passion for modern romance, it is of course possible that a lady who "didn't think" that she was unconscious on the eventful day for "more than ten minutes," and who subsequently speaks of her disaster as an "annoyance," and an "unpleasantness," may have been less prudent than she imagines herself to have been. Mr. BUTT, the plaintiff's leading counsel, whose bottled thunder is said to have electrified the Court, and certainly seems to have been acceptable to the reporters of the press, in the course of a burning speech represented the outrage as the result of Platonic love. Ireland is not Iceland, and Platonic affection in that country of turf and tinder may be as combustible as Lucifer matches. But it is not easy to see how Platonic affection can result in a onesided outrage, even if it is the fashion for it in Dublin to terminate in a mutual misfortune. It was strange, to say the least of it, that Miss TRAVERS, who recollects so accurately the original misadventure, was almost unable to recollect whether or not the desperate attack upon her honour had been repeated. She explained her difficulty on this head by informing the Court that she could not tell whether certain subsequent acts on the part of Sir WILLIAM were intended "for rudeness or for worse." It may be impossible to draw a line between that which appears to Miss TRAVERS simply impertinent and that which is a serious attempt upon her virtue; but English outsiders will possibly opine that an Irish maiden who had been insulted once, and who had recalled so minutely the particulars and the duration of her dishonour, might have been able to make a tolerable guess as to the nature and ultimate tendency of subsequent familiarities. As letters of affection afterwards passed between the parties—as Miss TRAVERS afterwards applied for tickets for a Masonic Ball to the distinguished oculist who, according to her history, had been her ruin—and as the balance of the evidence appears to be that she afterwards received money from him, and went to him to have her corns cut (whatever that may mean), it would not perhaps be improper to assume that her design for final vengeance was, for a time at least, tolerably well disguised. Taking her narrative as it stands—uncontradicted, it is true, but also uncorroborated except by certain ambiguously warm letters from Sir WILLIAM—no one can affirm that she played the part towards Sir WILLIAM of a LUCRETIA. If Sir WILLIAM WILDE's version were to be published and read, it might conceivably turn out that she was a poetical young person, who had contracted an awkward habit,

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not unfamiliar to the frequenters of the English Divorce Court, of confusing between fact and fiction. There was, indeed, a slight though unmistakable coincidence between the details of her own story and the details of Lady WILDE'S volume which she so unmercifully reviewed. In both, passion might have been supposed—as it was put by one of the Irish counsel—to have overpowered prudence. In both, the Angel GABRIEL played a prominent, an amorous, and a somewhat unintelligible part. Miss TRAVERS asserts that Sir WILLIAM WILDE invoked this particular angel to his and her aid when all was over on the 14th of October 1862. In Lady WILDE'S book, the Angel GABRIEL figures, not merely as an accomplice, but as a principal. As Miss TRAVERS had read and criticized Lady WILDE'S book before becoming the public historian of her own career, it was suggested at the trial that, for the sake of effect, she had not been above borrowing dramatic incidents from the work which upon high moral grounds she so strenuously condemned. The allegation was incapable of being either disproved or proved. Those who are accustomed to courts of justice well know how common a feminine disease it is to appropriate an indictment or a scandal from the pages of a sensation novel or a Sunday newspaper. It is not beyond the boundaries of possibility that the Angel GABRIEL and Sir WILLIAM WILDE have had no connexion except in the too fertile imagination of Miss TRAVERS. On the other hand, Sir WILLIAM WILDE may unquestionably have made that celestial visitant's acquaintance in his wife's novel as easily as Miss TRAVERS is suggested to have done. Being more of a medical man than a theologian, and taking his divinity entirely from Lady WILDE'S writings, he may have laboured, in October, 1862, under the erroneous impression that the Angel GABRIEL fulfils under the Christian dispensation the rôle played by CUPID or EROS in all classical mythology. But whether the idea of the GABRIEL episode was a real inspiration of Sir WILLIAM'S, or an *ex post facto* thought due to the fine Roman hand of Miss TRAVERS, can never be clearly decided till Sir WILLIAM WILDE determines on explaining to the public what as yet he has chosen to leave unexplained.

The excitement of the trial in the inflammable capital of a not uninflammable country has thrown into the shade both the social virtues and the political shortcomings of the new LORD LIEUTENANT. Dublin can think of nothing when one of Erin's daughters is concerned, and the genius of Mr. BUTT, the virtue of Miss TRAVERS, and the self-restraint of Sir WILLIAM WILDE are the sole and equally substantial topics of the day. In all probability Miss TRAVERS has other arrows in her quiver; nor are her wrongs, or the alleged frailty of Sir WILLIAM WILDE, likely to sleep in permanent obscurity. Even the Irish papers, according to hereditary custom, have marshalled themselves in opposite camps. It is no wonder—as, indeed, the Greek poet remarks of HELEN—that Trojans and Grecians should contend about a heroine so young and so fair. Miss TRAVERS, moreover, appears to be a Roman Catholic, and the question of her purity naturally enjoys, in the minds of a Dublin audience, all the importance and the prominence of a disputed dogma of the faith. It is not for English critics to pronounce upon so peculiarly Celtic a question. We should insult the Church of Rome if we did not pronounce for the lady; all Belfast might rise in arms if we adventured the faintest slight upon the gentleman. It is difficult to suppose that both are in the right, yet courtesy and prudence enjoin us to refrain from guessing which is in the wrong. One thing, at all events, is clear—that the question of Miss TRAVERS'S accuracy and of Sir WILLIAM WILDE'S discretion is one of those which, according to Lord DUNDEARY, no man should be called on to decide. It is an imbroglio, and an imbroglio the mazes of which must be left to the Angel GABRIEL and to Dublin to unravel. Dublin understands it best. Dublin alone can pronounce a wise and judicial sentence between the claims of a Dublin beauty and of a Dublin oculist, and we have no doubt that the verdict pronounced by the population of Dublin will be as temperate and as free from exaggeration as is usual in that city of poetry and feeling.

THE FEDERAL NAVY.

THERE is no branch of the Executive of the United States which has been administered with more vigour and success than the navy. At the outbreak of hostilities, a small squadron of wooden vessels, manned in great part by Englishmen, represented the whole disposable fleet. Since the 4th of March, 1861, there have been built 141 steamers and 62 iron-clads, besides a vast number of small ships which

have been acquired by purchase. Altogether, the present fleet of the United States comprises 671 ships, of 500,000 tons, carrying 4,600 guns. The difficulties which have always existed in manning the navy, notwithstanding a very high rate of pay, seem still to trouble the Naval Secretary, and he complains without reserve of the scanty supply of good seamen among the 50,000 so-called sailors who are now afloat. At one time, the impossibility of recruiting seamen was so formidable that men drafted for the army were put on board the blockading cruisers; but, in spite of these and many other drawbacks, the efficiency of the service has increased from year to year, and Mr. WELLES is not without justification for the boasts in which he indulges of the useful, and in some instances brilliant, performances of the American navy. It is, of course, a great piece of good fortune for the North that their opponents have never had a navy at all, in any proper sense of the term. A few ships purchased abroad, and selected from the best of the blockade-runners, have, it is true, half destroyed the carrying trade, in which the ship-owners of New York and other Atlantic ports once hoped to rival England herself; but for fighting purposes the navy of the South has consisted of a few iron-clads and cotton-lined ships, which, after dealing vengeance on some of the hostile gunboats, have been compelled, one after another, to yield to the enormous superiority of force which the North was always able to display. Still, the maintenance of the blockade, imperfect as it has been, was a great feat for a navy so suddenly created; and though we believe that five ships pass through for one that is captured or sunk, the effective communication of the Confederates with the outer world seems to be almost entirely limited to a single port, the approaches to which are so numerous and extensive as to baffle the vigilance of a fleet of fifty cruisers. In his anxiety to excuse the supposed shortcomings of the blockading squadron off Wilmington, the Navy Secretary not only admits that the blockade is not efficient, but gives it as the opinion of the naval officers whom he has consulted that, from the nature of the coast, the port of Wilmington cannot be closed by blockade—an admission which would be rather imprudent if neutral Powers were disposed to insist upon their rights. Mr. WELLES urges strongly an attempt to take possession of Wilmington by a joint land and sea attack, but the failure of the Charleston expedition and the demand for troops at every other point has hitherto prevented an experiment which would be doubtful for any force, and hopeless for a small one.

Among the achievements for which Mr. WELLES claims credit are the destruction of the *Alabama* and the *Florida*. He is prudent enough not to allude to the ingenious combination of fraud and illegal violence by which the *Florida* was first taken and afterwards sunk; and he has the want of taste to dilate, in his account of the fight between the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama*, on the bad faith of Captain SEMMES in not allowing himself to be drowned instead of taking refuge on a neutral yacht, and to designate the owner of the English vessel as “a fit companion for the dishonoured and ‘beaten corsair.’” Mr. WELLES’ theory is that, from the moment when Captain SEMMES hauled down his flag, he was a prisoner of the United States, and that he was in honour bound to go to the bottom with his ship if his victorious enemy did not find it convenient to send boats in time to pick him and his comrades up. Captain SEMMES naturally took a more practical view of his position, and, however willing he might have been to die for his country, he was by no means disposed to do as much for the gratification of his enemies. He accordingly was guilty of the dishonourable practice of swimming to save his life, and the crew of the English yacht made themselves accomplices in his crime by taking him out of the water before he sank. A fitter occasion for denouncing this country does not seem to have presented itself, and, according to Northern views, Mr. WELLES cannot be blamed for making the most of his opportunity. It was perhaps a pity that Mr. LINCOLN’S Cabinet did not require the British Government to hand over the prisoner of war who had been picked out of the Channel, as they might then have learned an elementary lesson in maritime law which Mr. WELLES, at any rate, seems to require. Having thus performed his devotions to Bunkum, Mr. WELLES proceeds to recount the by no means contemptible performances of the navy. The total number of captures made since the commencement of the war is given as 1,379, which have realized the handsome sum of more than 14,000,000 dollars. The large number of prizes proves the vigour of the trade which passes through the blockade quite as much as it proves the efficiency of the Federal navy, but still the amount of work done is extremely creditable to a

department which has for the most part created its own resources since the commencement of hostilities.

There is less than usual in the experience of the past year which can be in any way utilized in the administration of our own navy. Very little additional light is thrown on the construction of iron-clads, or on the success or failure of the Monitor principle, except that, by persisting in repeating their old type, the Federal authorities have shown their faith in Captain Coles' plan even when imperfectly applied. The special investigation of the armour question about which so much doubt prevails on this side of the Atlantic seems to have been postponed to inquiries on points which we are in the habit of regarding as settled. Commissions are at work studying the best form of naval engines and the economy to be gained by expansive working; but the war itself is supposed, perhaps rightly, to afford the best practical tests of the value of ordnance and armour. Some experiments, it is true, have been tried with heavy ordnance, leading to the conclusion that spherical steel shot fired from a smooth bore is far more effective against iron-plates than rifle projectiles. This does not entirely accord with English experience, which rather points to the rule that it matters little for short range practice whether the gun is smooth or rifled. On one point, Mr. WELLES' experience in his troublesome office is diametrically opposed to theories which have largely prevailed in this country. He is so far from seeing in the contract system the best and cheapest mode of supplying his wants, that a great part of his Report is taken up with an account of the losses and frauds which result from the necessity of building and repairing ships in private yards, and with an urgent demand for the immediate establishment of Government dockyards on the largest scale, at which repairs may be executed, and armour and other ironwork constructed, more cheaply and effectively than under the contract system which now exclusively prevails. As the suggestion comes from America, it is just possible that Mr. COBDEN himself may begin to doubt whether it would be prudent for this country altogether to abandon its public dockyards, and trust to competition for the supply of every want. Probably the wisest course will be found to be that which is, to some extent, acted upon already by our own Board of Admiralty, of combining Government manufacture with purchase in the open market, and thus stimulating both official and private builders to the highest point of efficiency. The Northern Atlantic ports have not been behindhand in their private accommodation for the building and repair of ships; but though the mercantile fleet of the country has been largely reduced by the war, it is found that the commercial establishments are altogether inadequate to supply the requirements of the navy. So strongly does Mr. WELLES state the difficulty, that he does not hesitate to say that, if to the duties of an unopposed blockade there were added ocean conflicts with a naval Power, the spectacle would be presented of ships of war laid up for want of a proper establishment with means to repair them. Nor is it only in the construction and refitting of ships that the contract system has proved inefficient and costly. The instability of the market, and the fluctuation in the price of gold, have rendered it impossible to procure tenders for ordinary supplies from honest contractors, except at an extravagant rate sufficient to cover the possible rise in the value of gold and the highly probable contingency of long-delayed payment. Many of the best merchants in the principal cities decline to accept an order on any terms; and the whole system has become tainted with demoralization and fraud, by which the honest and fair dealer is often driven from the market. Articles inferior in quality and deficient in quantity are delivered and passed, and bribery is resorted to in order to induce the Government officials to aid in these frauds. This is not an encouraging picture of the working of a pure contract system. It may be true that the mischief is in great part caused by the financial derangement of the affairs of the country, and would be greatly mitigated here by the prevalence of a higher tone of commercial morality; yet the weak points which Mr. WELLES exposes are to some extent inherent in the system, and should warn us not to be too eager to change even the inefficiency of Government supervision and the costliness of Government work for absolute dependence on manufacturing firms for every article, from a barrel of pork to a first-class frigate, which might be needed for the service of the navy.

When the actual depreciation of the currency is taken into account, the financial part of Mr. WELLES' statement is more favourable than might have been expected. With the price of gold ranging from 200 to 250, an expenditure of 112,000,000 dollars represents in effective

money only about ten or twelve millions sterling; and it would seem, therefore, that Mr. WELLES is maintaining all the burden of the war at no greater outlay than the annual cost of the British navy in the midst of peace. The small tonnage of most of the Federal ships makes this apparent economy less startling; but when all the acknowledged difficulties of his position are allowed for, Mr. WELLES is certainly entitled to claim credit for his department as the most efficient and the least wasteful branch of the public service of the United States.

RAILWAY SLAUGHTER.

WHAT is the use of more articles on these railway accidents? Have we not for years upon years been saying the same thing, urging the same arguments, appealing to the same duties, putting the same ever-recurring facts in the one only and possible light, and what comes of it? Absolutely nothing. Are the appeals heeded? Not in the slightest degree. Is there the faintest shadow of the vaguest promise of the least improvement in railway management? Not the remotest. Do things mend? On the contrary, they go on from bad to worse. Is railway travelling liable to new difficulties and new dangers? Just the reverse; old causes produce old effects, and every accident is to be traced to the very same mismanagement which has been exposed, commented on, and protested against a thousand times before. Newspapers have been harping on the same string, coroners' juries have delivered the same condemnation, Government inspectors have solemnly pronounced the same invariable and adverse judgment, and yet nothing is done. Nor do we see that anything is likely to be done. And yet we must go on each in our own way. The Railway Companies must kill people—must mutilate, smash, scald, and crush into bits their fellow-creatures—and all that is left to the public is the very poor consolation of protesting their disgust at being mutilated, smashed, and scalded; though, after all, there is a little, however inadequate, good which comes out of our perpetual wail and shriek for common justice. If we did not scream out of the depths of our terrors, we should be even worse off than we are. Only let there be the slightest intermission in the howl of popular indignation, and the Compensation Act would be repealed. As it is, though the Directors, not indistinctly, avow their intention to seize the first favourable opportunity of getting this Act modified, if not repealed, they are afraid to go to Parliament with their grievances against the public. Nor do they quite like the strong language with which their culpable disregard of human life has been stigmatized. At more than one of the half-yearly meetings, the Chairman, in sorrow rather than anger, has complained of the bitter language of the press. It was very hard—so it was—that it should be said that Railway Companies cared more for their dividends than for the public safety. But it has always been the lot of the benefactors of mankind to be disparaged. The Board must bear its cross, but the cross is heavy. It is not pleasant to be told that you might have saved lives if you had not starved the concern in the matter of turn-tables, wages to signalmen, and the like. It may be very hard to be saluted with these harsh words, but they are very true words. We have said it once, and it seems we shall have to say it again and again; at any rate we say it now. Our parable is a very old one, but we must take it up once more, quite content to await the lapidation that is in store for us from Chairmen and Secretaries.

On Thursday evening in last week two "accidents" took place. One occurred on the North Kent line, near Woolwich, by which six persons (that is, six as yet) have lost their lives, and a whole multitude have been seriously maimed and injured for life. Here, an express train ran into a ballast train. The consequences were amputations, fractures, dislocations, concussions, contusions—all the ghastly array of human suffering, complicated and increased by the tragic elements of terror and pity; and all this in total darkness, for the collision occurred in the midst of a tunnel. Scalding water, combined with what one of the sufferers describes as "the groans and shrieks of the mass of bruised, dying, crippled, and bleeding creatures writhing and struggling in the steam and sulphurous vapour that filled the tunnel"—such were the elements of horror surrounding this fearful "accident." The other casualty—and it will always be a mystery how it happened that no lives were lost—happened at Pangbourne, on the Great Western line. Here, an express narrow-gauge train ran into a special goods train. Now there is a common feature in these two hideous occurrences; and on that common feature we propose to dwell, because it is on the face

and front of all railway management. We dismiss the whole story about mistaken signals and the like. Whether this or that engine was too weak, or, as some say, too strong for its work, is not our present concern. Nor are we disposed to dwell on the peculiarly dangerous state of the rails on that particular day. We can, for our present purposes, entirely dispense with all that is and will be forthcoming at the coroner's inquest. These elaborate inquiries always come practically to nothing. Signals will and must always be liable to go wrong, to be misinterpreted, to fail. Signalmen are but men; they must, if they are human beings, now and then get flurried. Everybody once or so in his life says "all right" when he means all wrong. It is perfectly impossible to secure such mechanical precision as that a goods train or a ballast train should not now and then break down, or an engine occasionally founder. If the train on the North Kent line had not been too heavy for its engine, it would not have been necessary to sever it. If the Pangbourne goods train had not broken down, it would not have blocked the line on which the Birmingham express was speeding on. It is impossible to compel a ballast train or a goods train to break down only at a convenient moment, or in a convenient place. A break-down is sure to occur when there is no time to notify the casualty, or where it is impossible to shunt the cripples; and a break-down may occur at that fatal instant when it is impossible to reverse the safety-signal. It may be, and probably will be, found that if, in a most difficult emergency, the signalman in either case had exhibited more coolness and presence of mind, the accident would not have happened. And most likely this will be the end of an investigation in which, of course, "the railway officials expressed their readiness to afford 'every assistance in the prosecution of the inquiry,' which, being interpreted, means their excessive anxiety to shoulder all the responsibility on some poor wretch underpaid and over-worked. A terrible verdict, full of sound and fury, will perhaps be brought in, inculpating some poor signalman; and he will be had up for trial, and he will say, with entire truth, he did not go for to do it, and the whole thing will fall to the ground. And the Company will go on its way rejoicing, except in the matter of compensation, and will be just as ready to burn, scald, and destroy as before.

The critical point of these "accidents" is not whether the signal system on either line is perfect. It is not whether, in the particular case at Pangbourne or at Blackheath, there was time to do this, that, or the other, which might perhaps have averted a danger that anyhow must have been as close as the skin of the teeth. It is something much broader and larger. It is this—whether every railway in the kingdom has not more work to do than the mechanical conditions of time and space permit it to do with proper regard to public safety. Here was a heavy, lumbering, floundering goods train—a special goods train—getting on as it could in the thick of the ordinary passenger traffic; and here was an over-weighted, stumbling, and disjointed ballast train, dodging in and out, creeping on, and stopping as it could, so as just to interpolate itself between successive passenger trains, going at all sorts of speed, and every moment liable to be flung out of time and pace by the greasy state of the rails. In nine cases out of ten, and notably in these two cases, a smash and collision occur between an ordinary passenger train and a goods train, or a ballast train or an excursion train. At the very moment when we are writing, another "fearful collision" is reported on the Great Western line. Here, as in the Pangbourne case, the points were wrong; but the real essence of the accident—in which once more, by an almost miraculous chance, no lives were lost—consists in the over-work to which the line is subject. The collision was between a parcels train and a heavy goods train, one belonging to the broad-gauge, and the other to the narrow-gauge system. The fact is, the Great Western is overworked; the mixed gauge is in itself a prolific source of danger, the mineral traffic from Wales is daily increasing, and all day and all night the line is crowded with huge and heavy coal-trains, mixed up confusedly and inextricably with passenger and other light trains. That occurs on the rail which occurs in the streets of the City. Neither the railway nor London Bridge is broad enough to accommodate passenger traffic and luggage traffic. That is to say, what will economically and safely hold ordinary vehicles will not hold extraordinary vehicles; what is wide enough for six men to pass through is not wide enough for twelve men to pass through. The necessity that has befallen the street traffic of London must sooner or later overtake the railway system of England. Indeed the necessity is there already; and it must be met. In other words, the railways must be doubled in width, and another double set of rails must sup-

plement the present up line and down line. Until the goods traffic, which practically includes, of course, the ballast trains, is kept entirely distinct from the passenger traffic, such "accidents" as those upon which these remarks are founded must constantly occur. The passenger traffic and the goods traffic are not homogeneous. Within limits, a passenger train is a constant quantity; its weight, and speed, and therefore its security, may be depended upon up to a tolerable approximation. But a goods train is the chartered libertine of the rail. It is bound to no weight, or length, or speed, or time; or, if it is nominally subject to these conditions, it must, even from the variations of the atmosphere, be constantly violating them. A goods train gets on as it can; shunted out of the way at one station, then making play as it best can to shuffle itself between a preceding and a following train, and all the time perhaps with insufficient traction power and an inadequate personal staff. Nobody can have lived near one of our great railways, or watched its management, without coming to the conclusion that nine-tenths of the dangers of the rail are due to the confused, and necessarily confused, mixture of passenger traffic and goods traffic. In our crowded streets we are obliged, or we shall be obliged, to restrict heavy traffic of goods to certain hours; or, as on London Bridge, the goods traffic must keep to its own line or tram. When all the railways are doubled in width, and the portage of men and women is kept entirely distinct from the portage of goods, then, and not till then, may we reckon on effective securities against such frightful perils as those of last week.

THE NEW BULL.

THE POPE, as we know, has his troubles like other men. Like his neighbours, he is sorely vexed with professors; and, as he undertakes to teach not only spiritual but political truth, they give him exactly twice as much trouble as they do to other ecclesiastical rulers. It is always a consolation to know that you are not alone in misfortune; and it may be a solace to the Pope to feel that, if the Archbishop of CANTERBURY were a proficient in the use of the screaming superlatives which generally form the staple of Papal Bulls, he would have quite as formidable a list of heresies to deplore. The times are unfavourable to the pastoral office. Flocks have discovered that sheep-dogs have no teeth, and that pastoral staves were made, not for use, but show; so that there is a very general tendency among them to declare that they don't care for barking, and they won't be fleeced. What the end of those flocks will be must be left to the writers of some future "Notes on Sheepfolds" to recount. In the meantime, the pleasure is reserved to their existing pastors of indulging their imaginations by anticipating the worst, and predicting the impending retribution in the strongest Latin they can command. There is no doubt that it is an advantage of great importance to be allowed to curse in a dead language. If *Pro Nono* were obliged to translate his own Bulls into Italian before he issued them, they would probably resemble too much the utterances which he used to hear in the streets in the days when he was allowed to go there, to be wholly pleasing to his taste. Whatever form the present revival of classical enthusiasm may take, it is to be hoped that it will never extend to the language in which our archiepiscopal pastorals are written.

Barring, however, the point of politeness, in respect to which the Bull is probably neither better nor worse than its predecessors, there appears by the telegram to be matter in it which our Church authorities might study with advantage. On the question of dealing with heretics, Rome may be looked upon as an authority even by the best Protestants. She has had an experience upon the subject never accorded to any other Power. She has undoubtedly her little prejudices, like most old hands. She prefers things to be done as they were when she was young, and is not apt to believe in your new-fangled ways. If she proposed still to deal with heretics as *INNOCENT* dealt with the Albigenses, or as *ALEXANDER* dealt with *SAVONAROLA*, there would be little room for surprise. It would be quaint and old-fashioned, like Mr. BYNG and his pig-tail in the House of Commons. But there is something graceful and appropriate in a grand-dame sighing for the fashions of her youth, and lamenting over the merry days when she was young. Her younger sister in England would not, therefore, attach much weight to her counsels if she recommended a return to antiquated methods of dealing with heretics. But it is quite another matter when the reason of the case has impressed her experienced old brain so strongly that she flings aside her old traditions and habitudes, and recommends the adoption of the very newest

plan. Her authority becomes, in such a case, indisputable. It is like a grey-haired gamekeeper recommending breech-loaders, or a Greenwich pensioner expressing his belief in armour-plated ships. And this is the phenomenon which has actually occurred. The Pope has addressed the Bishops of his Church upon the treatment of heretical opinions. He has not desired that the heretics should be burned—very possibly because he knew it was no use; but still, from whatever motive, he has repressed that natural aspiration. But he has not so much as suggested that they should be prosecuted; and he has said nothing even about an anathema, which he is just as much at liberty to pronounce now as at any previous stage of the world's history. If the telegram is to be believed, all he has done is to recommend his Bishops to confute them.

Now, we know the suspicions with which the Bishops naturally regard suggestions coming from a worldly and unchristian press. In fact, we know that Bishop ELLICOTT has denounced the literature of the day as generally infidel; and we do not doubt that we ourselves are upon his *Index*. If we, therefore, were to recommend that the method of confutation should be preferred to that of prosecution, anything issuing from so tainted a source would be of course disregarded. But the Pope, we trust, is not yet looked upon as a rationalist. There is no knowing what we may come to. The charges of rationalism are falling so thick and fast, that we should not be surprised any morning to learn that the Bishop of SALISBURY and the Bishop of CAPE-TOWN had been deposed for rank infidelity. But, for the present, the Pope may be taken as adequately orthodox, and as entertaining a sufficiently high estimate of the prerogatives of ecclesiastical authority. Hitherto, confutation has been regarded as a mean and humiliating concession to popular pressure. But the Pope will be acquitted of any leaning to that weakness; and the Bishops may now set to work, without fear of compromising their dignity, to answer their peccant brother, and remove the perplexities of the intelligent Zulu.

It is possible, however, that the Bishops may reply to this suggestion, that they cannot. Without presuming for a moment to doubt the truthfulness of such a reply, if it were given, we may point to the example of the Pope as still furnishing guidance even in this difficulty. The Pope does not attempt to refute the heretics. It might be dangerous to infallibility to do so. He only bids the Bishops do it in his place; and if they should miscarry in controversy, of course no great harm is done. Why cannot the English Bishops, who are our Popes, imitate the sagacious example? It might be straining their Hebrew too heavily to ask them to go themselves into the theories of Elohist and Jehovah; but every episcopal pastoral might contain a strict admonition to the rural deans to do it for them. The practice would have the advantage of giving every Bishop a reply to zealous clerical deputations hungering for litigation. He might safely promise to take legal proceedings as soon as every rural dean in the diocese had published his confutation of the heretic in question. By the time the tale of replies was complete, the clerical deputations would be in full cry after some other hare. At all events, a controversy in which every rural dean had taken a part would inevitably break down by its own weight. The Bishops have enormous advantages, if they only knew how to use them. It is provoking to see men throwing away such admirable chances. With their diocesan machinery, they can bring to bear upon any innovator a stream of prolixity and tediousness that would extinguish the fiercest heresy that ever flamed. In this frivolous and impatient age, the punishment of Tarpeia is the one with which heresies can be most effectually done to death. It is not too late even now. Let all litigation be abandoned. Let the deposition of the erratic NATAL be reversed; and in place of the process, let each Bishop bury the doctrines of his colonial brother under the weight of a refutation, jointly composed by himself and his clergy. The fifteenth diocese would finish the smothered heresy; and it would become, in the public mind, even as Schleswig-Holstein or the Baron de BODE.

There is one advantage, however, which the Pope possesses over the English Bench, for which allowance must be made in judging of their tactics. Neither he nor the Conclave would have the slightest difficulty in stating what they themselves believed upon the points they were engaged in condemning. Unhappily, the Episcopal Bench could not venture upon making any attempt so hazardous. Well-bred people do not touch upon each other's sore points if they can help it; and, therefore, doctrinal matters are never alluded to by the Bishops in their private intercourse among themselves. It is said that a newly-created Bishop did once propose to his assembled

brethren to put forth a precise statement of their views upon inspiration. But strong symptoms of syncope in the two Metropolitans, and the blank despair overspreading the faces of all the Suffragans, soon convinced him of the frightful blunder he had made. It is needless to say that he apologized precipitately. But the difficulty has haunted the Bishops throughout all their proceedings. Litigation was their only chance; for that committed them no farther than the wording of the formularies, which they had all signed, and therefore, of course, believed. But it must be a redeeming comfort in the Pope's unpleasant position that he is never obliged to condemn other people for not believing in a doctrine which he dare not exactly define himself.

THE WAR IN AMERICA.

WHILE General SHERMAN is still temporarily out of reach and out of sight, his admirers are perfectly satisfied with his assumed progress towards the attainment of an unknown object. A few weeks ago, he was saluted as the proximate conqueror of Macon and Augusta; and, since he has apparently left both places untouched in his rear, the strategy of his march on Savannah, on Port Royal, or on Beaufort commands universal, though contingent, approval. It is assumed that whatever SHERMAN does is, or will be, well done, and it may be admitted that his late campaign has given him a title to public confidence. Some questionable flatterers are beginning to compare his triumphant advance through Georgia to the retreat of the Ten Thousand Greeks; but the implied admission of failure is only an accidental consequence of the necessities of literary composition. As the Federal army must emerge at some point or other on the coast, it has occurred to well-read journalists that the classic exclamation of "The sea, the sea!" will be in the highest degree appropriate. The wonderful exploit of XENOPHON and his comrades was, like SHERMAN's easier march, the alternative of a baffled invasion; and the sole purpose of the march from the Tigris, through the mountains of Armenia, to the Euxine, was to return home in safety. General SHERMAN would certainly not have evacuated his conquests in Northern Georgia if he had found it possible to retain Atlanta without incurring disproportionate sacrifices. It would probably have been practicable to retrace his steps to Chattanooga, nor would Hood have ventured to threaten Nashville if the main Federal army had remained in the West. Possibly SHERMAN may have been unwilling to confess his own miscalculation, and he must also be supposed to have discerned some possible advantage to be obtained by passing through the heart of Georgia. The amateur commentators on the war have recently discovered that, in his advance or retreat, he will perform an operation which they describe as the bisection of the Confederacy. A similar result has been partially accomplished on the Mississippi since the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson; but, while the great river is regularly guarded along its length by ten squadrons of gun-boats, it will be impossible for SHERMAN to leave a garrison or a patrol at any point in his line of march. The track of his army will be marked by ruined barns and granaries, by smoking villages, and by the carcasses of men and animals; but a broad path of desolation cannot be said to bisect, in a military sense, the country which it traverses. Confederate troops will pass backwards and forwards across the line as easily as a boat crosses the wake of a steamer.

The more intelligent American writers are beginning to point to Richmond as the centre or key of the campaign. They confess that conflagration and destruction are as little likely to terrify the Southern population as to conciliate their regard, and they reasonably argue that an able general would not expose his army to extreme suffering and danger for the mere purpose of burning towns and killing cattle. The liberation of a certain number of Georgian negroes might excite stronger sympathy if it were not known that SHERMAN has repeatedly objected to the accumulation of coloured camp-followers, whom he has no means of feeding. In default of an authorized theory, it is plausibly conjectured that SHERMAN is slowly making his way to GRANT's headquarters. At Beaufort he would be able to refresh and reorganize his troops, and the reinforcement which he could ultimately bring to the aid of the Commander-in-Chief would perhaps enable him to cut off the communication of Richmond with the South. It is by no means improbable that some such combination will be attempted; but, if Hood effects a junction with BRECKENRIDGE in East Tennessee, he will be as near to LEE as SHERMAN at Beaufort would be to GRANT. General THOMAS would, even in the absence of Hood, have enough to do in defending Nashville and the Chattanooga railway against the attacks of FORREST; and the

whole result of the year's campaign would thus consist in the abandonment by the Federal armies of the greater portion of Tennessee. At present it is not absolutely certain that SHERMAN will be able to extricate himself without incurring considerable disaster. It seems that his cavalry has received several checks, and, as he has no opportunity of remounting it, the numbers and efficiency of the force will be rapidly diminished if he meets with considerable delays. He announced his purpose of marching fifteen miles a day, and he probably expected to accomplish ten. If the Southern reports may be trusted, the daily rate of advance has been reduced to seven miles, and at the date of the last accounts he had been twenty-one days on the road. Every day which succeeds increases the force of the enemy and diminishes his own. The repulse of General FOSTER, who had advanced from the coast to meet him, is highly advantageous to the Confederates.

For the first time since the beginning of the war, some of the most zealous adherents of the Government are beginning to advise retrenchment. There can be no doubt that great extravagance and numerous frauds were unavoidable incidents of the sudden creation of a vast army and navy, and the experience of three or four years must have suggested the possibility of large reductions which would not affect the efficiency of the public service. The advocates of economy earnestly advise that all the subsidies which are allowed to coloured freedmen and other distressed classes should be finally withdrawn, and there is at least a strong probability that Government and Congress will henceforth be less ready to appropriate borrowed funds to every purpose which seems for the moment desirable. The new agitation is, however, not restricted to the commonplaces of retrenchment. It is seriously proposed that the navy should be reduced, and that even the army should be placed on a more moderate scale. As MR. WELLES insists, with apparent reason, on the construction of great docks and ship-building yards, and as he also refers, with natural complacency, to the blockade of 3,500 miles of coast, it is not easy to understand how any part of the existing navy could be spared. The force has sufficed for the blockade and for the control of the great rivers, but it has scarcely attempted to exercise the police of the high seas. The *Alabama* was sunk in honourable combat in consequence of the Quixotic rashness of the Confederate captain; and it was found necessary to take the *Florida* by a combination of mendacity and violence, and afterwards to sink her under circumstances which might almost have revolted the feelings of the conventional Yankee pedlar, who has become in fiction the type of meanness and cunning. For the present, it is unlikely that the fleet will be reduced, and any change which may be effected in the numbers of the army will result from the increasing difficulty of obtaining recruits rather than from a desire to save public money. In an ordinary war, well-disciplined armies of moderate dimensions are more easily handled and more regularly reinforced than unwieldy masses. If the North and South were fighting to determine the line of a frontier or the possession of a province, LEE on one side, and GRANT or SHERMAN on the other, would decide the dispute in the course of one or two campaigns. The conquest of the Confederate territory, if it is ever found possible, can only be achieved by means of great numerical superiority. Lavish expenditure, both of money and men, is the cheapest or the only mode of profiting by material preponderance over a resolute enemy.

The Americans have made many mistakes, but they at least understand that they are engaged in a great struggle for the maintenance of the Union, and that the issues of war depend on force, and not on sentiment. Their official representatives are perfectly justified in their contemptuous acceptance or rejection of gratuitous advice or sympathy from little knots of foreign busybodies. MR. SEWARD properly refused to receive an exhortation to peace from a certain number of Englishmen, on the ground that a foreign country can only be represented by the diplomatic agents of its Government. MR. ADAMS, in London, waived the objection by receiving an adulatory address from the Emancipation Society, which persists, in despite of contradiction, in asserting that MR. LINCOLN is fighting for the abolition of slavery. The American Minister, however, took the opportunity of reprimanding and threatening the English nation in general through its self-constituted spokesmen. He admitted that the Emancipation Society was entitled to American favour and protection, but he intimated a doubt whether the country in general was represented by a few one-sided philanthropists. The Emancipation Society, according to MR. ADAMS, might, like the ten just men in the doomed city, avert the impending vengeance, if they could prove that a moderate proportion of English-

men is exclusively devoted to the Federal cause. He warned the deputation, however, that the North resents the neutrality of England with a bitterness which must ultimately lead to war. As to negro emancipation, MR. ADAMS properly abstained from adopting the interpretation which the philanthropists had placed on the policy of his Government. The doctrine that want of enthusiastic sympathy is a lawful cause of war was unknown to GROTIUS or VATTEL; but MR. ADAMS was quite right in administering a lecture to his officious visitors, and, if they repeat their congratulations, it may be hoped that they will receive still more contumelious treatment. MR. SEWARD has by no means so fair an excuse for his insulting refusal to transmit for the use of the Confederate prisoners in the North a sum which had been collected in England. Assuming to speak on behalf of the Southern States, he informs the subscribers that no portion of the American people will consider the money which had been forwarded by the contributors as a "too generous equivalent" for the evils of a civil war "promoted and protracted by British subjects." The theory that the inhabitants of the Confederacy resent the legitimate enterprise of the English blockade-runners, or even the more questionable equipment of the *Alabama*, so deeply that they would refuse donations from England for the relief of their imprisoned countrymen in the North, is worthy of the spiteful ingenuity of a Federal Minister. The assertion that English subjects have either promoted or protracted the war is at once malignant and ostentatiously false; but courtesy and good breeding, or even moderation and fairness, are not among the virtues required of those whom the Americans delight to honour. If an English Minister were to speak of a nominally friendly country in the language which is familiar to MR. SEWARD and MR. WELLES, all parties would concur in declaring that he had disgraced his office. If it should ever be the pleasure of American statesmen to use the language of gentlemen, the reform would be welcome in all parts of the civilized world beyond the limits of the United States.

STYLE.

THERE are certain subjects of discussion which are pleasant because neither disputant can be pushed into a hopeless logical corner. Such a subject is often found in a comparison of the merits of the styles of our greater writers. There is room here for abundant divergence in taste. It was once the fashion to hold up Addison as a model for universal imitation. When Johnson's ponderous periods had a temporary reign, Boswell was always discussing with characteristic zest the important question upon what author Johnson "formed his style"—an operation of which we cannot frame a very definite conception. Johnson, he informs us with due gravity, formed his style "upon that of Sir William Temple and upon Chambers's Proposal for his Dictionary." He claims for his great friend a similar influence upon his successors. Robertson, for example, "formed his style" upon that of the mighty Samuel; or as Johnson himself more pleasantly put it, "If Robertson's style be faulty he owes it to me—that is, having too many words, and those too big ones." If Johnson himself went through any such process of direct and conscious imitation, he suffered for it in the way of artificial clumsiness; but the phrase is more probably a mere mythical representation of the extent to which any writer is naturally infected by the prevailing fashions of his time. It implies a theory that there is such a thing as a style which an author adopts, much as another man chooses his coat; it must have a certain relation to the peculiarities of his figure, but its fashion may be arbitrarily selected according to the current notions of beauty and propriety. The discussions as to whether one man's style is better than another's generally proceed upon the same supposition; it is assumed that we can effect a complete separation between matter and form, and judge of the merits of each independently. It is further generally assumed that, after this has been accomplished, the question of which style is to be preferred is a mere matter of taste, as to which, according to a much abused proverb, there can be no disputing. These assumptions seem to us to be liable to a good deal of qualification. It is possible to lay down certain rules, but it is not possible really to extricate those rules which refer merely to what is called style from the great mass which affect the substance of the work. But, in the first place, we must deny the accuracy of the assertion that there is no disputing about matters of taste. Certainly, it would be a misfortune for the great mass of mankind if this were true. Few people care to argue as to whether there are such things as truths independent of experience. Only a limited number can really enjoy long discussions as to the relations of slavery to the civil war in America, or as to the effect of strikes upon the accumulation of capital, or the probabilities of a rise in the value of gold; but nearly every one can discuss with interest the relative merits of different growths of wine, nor is the question so incapable of a rational decision as it seems to be at first sight. There are, indeed, certain fundamental and irreconcileable differences. There are different schools of eating and drinking as much as of religion or philosophy, involving distinctions as profound

and incapable of reconciliation as those between the followers of Bentham and of Coleridge. But, between men of the same school, the main difference is that one man has acuter senses than another. The judgment of the man with the most discriminating palate has the same authority as that of a painter with a fine eye for colour. What pleases him best ought to please us; at any rate we are afraid to say that it does not. After the judgment of Sancho Panza's relatives, who respectively detected the twang of leather and of steel in a butt of wine, had been confirmed by the discovery of a key with a leather thong at the bottom of it, their verdict on its merits would scarcely be disputed. So long as men of these discriminating powers come to an approximate agreement in their likings and dislikings, we have a canon of criticism even with regard to meats and drinks; we may argue whether the flavour of any particular dish conforms to those models which the judgment of the great men of all countries has stamped with approval. Amongst Esquimaux consumers of train-oil or South Sea canibals we might be hard pushed to find a common ground; but in civilized countries, familiar with the high art of cookery, there is always a standard of excellence beyond the mere savage's rule of personal preference. Applying this rather undignified example to the question of literary style, it would seem that, even admitting it to be a mere matter of taste, there would still be ground for argument. If one man says, I prefer Gibbon's style, and another, I prefer Macaulay's, they need not be hopeless of coming to a closer issue. There are certain qualities which are approved by every man of a keen intellectual sensibility, and which every educated man will be anxious to be supposed to appreciate, even if he does not really feel their force. We may occasionally find a depraved appetite which prefers the style of Tupper to that of Milton, or thinks Demosthenes inferior to Mr. Spurgeon; but, hopeless as these cases of mental darkness may seem, they can probably be enlightened if caught sufficiently young, and made to understand how strangely their love of literary train-oil strikes those who can relish a more refined diet. However vacillating and uncertain the rules may appear on which style, as distinguished from matter, can be criticized, we have no doubt that they might be laid down with sufficient authority. We may be able to apply tests which will settle even nicer questions than that between Tupper and Milton.

The simplest and most generally accepted rule is that which attributes merit to a style in proportion to its clearness. The truth of this, in most cases, is obvious. Language, when used to express thought, is the more perfect in proportion as it makes the thought plainer. The art of concealing thought is one of those illegitimate uses of language which require rules to themselves. Like cheating at cards, it requires a great deal of skill, but is not putting things to their proper uses. It is, however, plain that even this first canon cannot be laid down as universally true, or that, at any rate, it must be modified by co-ordinate rules. To be clear is a very good thing; but nothing is more insufferably wearisome than a style which sacrifices every other consideration to obtain perfect clearness. A common source of ambiguity in sentences is a rash use of pronouns. But when a writer like Mr. Austin almost excludes pronouns from his vocabulary, and, instead of "he" or "it," repeats for an indefinite number of times the phrase, however long, to which "he" or "it" refers, we feel that nothing but a sense of duty could get us to read him through. It may be ambiguous to say "A beats B that he can run faster than he can"—a sentence which we have occasionally heard paralleled; but it would be intolerable to avoid such solecisms by always substituting A or B for he, as the case may be. Those authors only can venture upon it who know that they can command their readers' attention by merits independent of language. Lord Macaulay's trick of repeating names, or even long phrases, on this principle, makes his style singularly precise. It enables the reader to see at a glance what is meant, without even the trouble of carrying his eye back for a couple of lines; but it often becomes wearisome, because it amounts to the frequent recurrence of a false emphasis. We long sometimes that Macaulay would condescend for once to refer us to the subject of Macaulay's sentences, even by such phrases as "the former" and "the latter," and spare the repetition, through half a dozen consecutive sentences, of "the Whigs" in the first limb of each sentence, and "the Tories" in the second. This example, of course, merely shows that an exaggerated pursuit of clearness is apt to lead its devotees into difficulties. It is like the practice of always speaking the truth, which is an excellent thing in moderation, but is apt to make the conversation of one who carries it to excess a most intolerable bore. The only writing in which it can be safely practised is that which merely seeks to convey information about subjects precise in themselves, such as science or mathematics. Even in them there is a point at which the extra labour spent in removing all possibility of a misunderstanding does more harm than good. The uncouth form of sentence becomes unjustifiable when its clumsiness wears the reader's attention more effectually than the precautions against ambiguity relieve it. The test should in this case be, not the freedom from any possibility of false interpretation even by perverse stupidity, but the ease with which a reader of ordinary intelligence takes in the contents of the writing.

When we once get beyond the regions of pure science, it becomes far more difficult to discover any useful criterion of style. That of clearness entirely fails us as we approach the opposite pole of poetry. We may, perhaps, say, that *ceteris paribus*, a clear poet is better than an obscure one. We may prefer Tennyson's style to Browning's, because Tennyson's best poems run plainly, and some-

times in words of one syllable; whereas every successive clause of Browning's presents a new and often an insoluble riddle. But we soon find that this criticism takes us but a very little way. Given two poets who have exactly the same idea to express, the one who expresses it most clearly ought, on this theory, to be, so far, the best. This excludes a certain number of faults of language. A poet should not be ungrammatical. He should not mix his metaphors in such a way as to convey no distinct image at all. Both of these dogmas are generally assumed to be true; but one of them, at least, may be sometimes transgressed with good effect. Shakespeare's slips of grammar might perhaps be corrected without much loss to his poetry; but he not unfrequently mixes his metaphors, as in the line about taking arms against a sea of troubles, so as to produce an admirable effect. A more distinct carrying out of either comparison would be prejudicial to the poetry. It suggests rather a confused state of mind, but there is no reason why a confused state of mind should not be poetical. Indeed, we may go further, and say that some of what is universally acknowledged to be the finest poetry has scarcely any definite meaning whatever. In Wordsworth's great ode there are many lines comprising a kind of essence of poetry, but to which it is scarcely possible to attribute any distinct signification. The often-quoted passage about the "fallings from us, vanishings, blank misgivings of a creature, moving about in worlds not realised," &c., are exquisitely beautiful, but are altogether without any special meaning. If we try to interpret them, to fix the idea embodied in them, it evaporates at once. The words are the right ones to awaken, for some reason, a set of pleasant associations, and to stimulate our imaginations; but as soon as we try to dissect and analyse them—to distinguish between the form of expression and the sense which it is intended to convey—we fail altogether. The words themselves are the poetry. It is like a mosaic work which puts together a number of beautiful colours without attempting to form any definite picture. In this case, therefore, our criterion breaks down altogether. There is no distinction between the form and the substance. The clothing and the body become identical; and we can therefore make no test out of the degree in which one is or is not suitable to the other. It has been argued that it is impossible to reason or to think, beyond a certain point, without language. However this may be, words and thoughts are so mixed up that a form of words which does not accurately express any meaning according to the rules of grammar and logic may still produce an effect upon our minds. Perhaps it is the most striking proof of high poetical talent, when a man's power over words is such that he can throw them into combinations affecting people as a sort of inarticulate music, without their being able to assign a distinct cause for being affected. Such was the case with much of the wonderful poetry of Shelley. If it was not the very highest poetry, it showed a power perhaps rarer than that which prompts to a more direct expression of thought.

In this, which is the extreme case in one direction, as pure science is the extreme case in the other, the test of clearness becomes of scarcely any service. It is, at most, useful as a precaution against certain gross faults. It may possibly serve, however, to suggest rules of which that of clearness is a special example. If we compare a writer like Mr. Browning in his most perverse moods with the great masters of style, it appears that his poems bristle with sentences destructive of the effects at which he aims. Many of his lines could not be altered without injuring the vital parts of the poem; but others are simply repulsive excrescences, that could be removed bodily without injury. We do not blame him for being obscure, but for obscurities which produce an unpleasant jar upon his readers. The test of gracefulness, whether in athletic exercises or in poetry, is to apply power sufficient to produce the desired effect, and not to throw away power in ways which do not tend to produce it. Feebleness and clumsiness are the penalties of failing in either direction. A writer like Mr. Browning may be compared to a powerful but awkward cricketer; he does not fully know the use of his weapons; he puts himself through strange contortions and attitudes in which he cannot exert his full strength. When he accidentally does hit the ball fairly, it goes to an incredible distance; but he is just as likely to hit his wickets, or strike the ground, instead of the ball. The tools of an author's trade are words. He may have to use them as a scientific writer, simply to convey distinct impressions; or as a poet, to convey agreeable ones; or he may employ them to discharge any intermediate function. The rule of using them so as to apply his strength most effectually towards producing a given result is common to all cases. The secondary rules by which we are to test the merit in each particular department are different according to the nature of the result desired. It becomes more difficult to lay them down in proportion as it is difficult to abstract the result from the means of attaining it, and to judge of the success of the performer without taking into account the gracefulness of the performance itself.

THE CASE OF THE SEE OF NATAL.

WE have remarked elsewhere upon the policy of those who provoked the Colenso controversy, and we need not return to the subject. There is, however, a seed of good in all things, and the Bishop of Capetown is undoubtedly entitled to the credit of having raised the most curious and intricate set of legal ques-

tions that an English Court of law has had to deal with for many a long year. The legal and constitutional aspects of the argument which occupied the Committee of Council for four days are so important that it will probably interest our readers to be informed of their exact legal bearing. The facts upon which the case turned are few and notorious, but it may be convenient to state them shortly, in order to elucidate the questions to which they gave rise.

In 1838, the district of Natal was occupied by emigrants from the Cape, which itself was a conquered colony, and as such subject to the absolute authority of the Crown.

In 1844, the district of Natal was annexed by letters patent to the Cape Colony.

In 1845, Natal was erected into a separate government, under a Lieutenant-Governor.

In March, 1847, a Legislative Council was established in Natal.

In September, 1847, the Cape Colony and its dependencies were constituted a bishop's see, of which Dr. Robert Gray was appointed bishop. By this patent Dr. Gray was made a suffragan to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

In 1850, representative government was granted to the Cape of Good Hope.

On the 23rd November, 1853, letters patent were issued, which stated that Bishop Gray had resigned his see, that the diocese was of inconvenient size, and that it ought to be divided into three parts, of which Natal was one. Natal was accordingly made into a diocese, and Dr. Colenso was appointed its bishop. The patent stated that the Bishop of Natal was to be "subject and subordinate to the see of Capetown and the bishop thereof," in the same manner as suffragans of Canterbury to Canterbury.

On the 8th December, 1853, letters patent were issued to Dr. Gray, by which he was appointed bishop of the new see of Capetown. By these letters it was provided that the Bishop of Capetown should "exercise metropolitan jurisdiction over the Bishops of Natal and Graham's Town," and that, if any proceeding should be instituted against the Bishops of Natal or Graham's Town, such proceeding should originate and be carried on before the Bishop of Capetown. It was further provided that any person considering himself aggrieved by any sentence of the Bishop of Capetown might appeal to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was finally to hear and determine the said appeal. The Bishop of Natal had no notice of the contents of this patent till several years after it was sealed, but on the day of its date he took an oath of canonical obedience to the Metropolitan Bishop of Capetown and his successors in the same form, *mutatis mutandis*, as a suffragan of Canterbury uses with reference to the Archbishop.

In 1863, the Bishop of Natal was cited to appear before the Bishop of Capetown to answer a charge of heresy founded on his books on the Pentateuch, and on the Epistle to the Romans. He appeared by proxy under protest, and was deprived, upon which he gave notice of his intention to appeal. He did appeal by petition to the Queen in Council. His petition prayed Her Majesty either to declare that the proceedings against him were void, on the ground that they were void, and that they professed to be taken under the Queen's letters patent, or else to hear an appeal from them on the ground that, if the Bishop of Capetown had any jurisdiction at all, it was subject to such an appeal. The Bishop of Capetown, on the other hand, prayed that the Queen would not interfere; and the question argued before the Privy Council, for four days during the last and the present week, was whether or not she had jurisdiction for either of the purposes in question.

For the Bishop of Natal it was argued that the Queen ought to declare the proceedings to be null and void, if they were so, on the following grounds:—First, it was said, if the proceedings are in fact null and void, they are a grievance to the Bishop of Natal, inasmuch as they affect to deprive him of his office. Next, that grievance is done under the colour of authority conferred by the Crown. But when a royal patentee, by virtue of powers supposed to be conferred by his patent, aggrieves another royal patentee, the Crown ought to declare the rights of the parties under the patents. In support of this, reference was made to various cases. In one instance, the Governor of Bombay, Sir John Malcolm, interfered with the Supreme Court of Bombay, and the Crown, upon petition, declared what were the limits of the authorities of the parties. In another case, the jurats of Jersey complained of acts done by Sir William Napier, the governor; and the Queen, in that instance, being petitioned, declared the law on the points in dispute between them. Various other cases were cited in which royal declarations had been made as to the rights and powers of persons acting under royal authority, though no injury directly cognizable by civil justice had been done. On these grounds it was contended that, if the proceedings were void, the Crown, under whose authority they were ostensibly carried on, ought to say so.

Next, it was contended that, in point of fact, they were void for the following reasons:—First, because the Crown had never any right to create any court of ecclesiastical jurisdiction at all. In support of this it was said that the canon law prevails only by custom, and that, as the Crown cannot create a custom, so it cannot create a court to administer a custom. It was also said that the Crown never had created ecclesiastical courts except by statute, a notable instance of which was that Henry VIII. got the authority of Parliament to found new bishoprics. It was further argued that, if such a power ever existed, it was taken away by the statute which abolished the High Commission Court. Secondly, it was

objected that, if the Crown could create an ecclesiastical court, it could not do so either in Capetown or in Natal after the grant of a separate constitutional government to those countries. Whether the government established in Natal by the letters patent of March 1847, which were in force when the bishopric was established, formed a constitutional government or not was a doubtful question; but for the Bishop of Natal it was contended that they did, inasmuch as the government was a separate one, and the letters patent contained a power of revocation, implying that they were to be in force till regularly and expressly revoked. Thirdly, it was said that, as against the Bishop of Natal at all events, that part of the letters patent of the Bishop of Capetown which affected to give him jurisdiction over the Bishop of Natal, with an appeal to the Archbishop of Canterbury, was void, inasmuch as it derogated from the grant made ten days before to the Bishop of Natal. By the Bishop of Natal's patent he was placed in the same relation to Capetown as London to Canterbury; but London is subject and subordinate to Canterbury, with a direct appeal to the Queen. Natal, therefore, had a direct appeal to the Queen by the patent of November, and this could not be taken away by the subsequent patent of the 8th December.

For these reasons it was contended, first, that, if the proceedings in question were void, the Queen ought to declare them void; and secondly, that they were void. In the next place, it was contended that, if the Queen would not declare the proceedings void, she ought to admit and hear an appeal from the sentence of deprivation. This demand, of course, admitted that there might be a point of view from which the proceedings might be viewed as legal, or at least, as illegal in the sense only of being a miscarriage of justice on the part of an authority which might have acted legally. To show how this could be, the counsel for the Bishop of Natal had to explain their view of the status of the Church of England in the colonies; and they contended that it formed a voluntary society, the members of which agreed to regulate their religious affairs by so much of the ecclesiastical law of England as might be suitable to their circumstances. They asserted further, that by the doctrine of the Royal Supremacy the Queen must be regarded as the voluntary head of this voluntary society, and that in that capacity she possesses the same powers over the Colonial Church, by the free consent of its members, as she possesses over the Church of England, in England, by the law of the land. It was obvious enough, from passages in his judgment and from other circumstances, that the Bishop of Capetown had taken and had acted on a totally different view as to the nature of the Church—that he had supposed that the Church has laws of its own, independent of the State by which its affairs are regulated in foreign countries. The counsel for the Bishop of Natal were prepared to argue at length that this view of the Church was altogether wrong, and that the view put forward by themselves was the true one; but the Court were so clearly of that opinion that they would not allow the matter to be argued.

The Bishop of Natal's counsel, therefore, proceeded to argue that, according to the ecclesiastical law of England, an appeal lay to the Crown, if the proceedings before the Bishop of Capetown were to be considered as based on a jurisdiction given, not by the letters patent, but by the consent of the parties. And they put forward two views of the case, according to the first of which the Crown would have to hear the appeal on the merits, whilst, according to the other, the Crown would have to quash the proceedings, not as irregular and illegal in themselves, but as an excess of jurisdiction by an authority legally constituted by the consent of the parties, but acting improperly. The first view proceeded on the supposition that an archbishop in England has power to deprive a suffragan bishop for heresy. If such is the case, they argued, the Bishop of Capetown had no doubt a right to deprive the Bishop of Natal, but, by the same rule, the Bishop of Natal has a right to appeal to the Crown. They denied, however, that an English archbishop has the right in question, and they affirmed that, if he has it not, but affects to exercise it, an appeal lies to the Crown on the ground of excess in jurisdiction.

They supported the view that the Archbishop has not the right to deprive a bishop in England by the following argument. Before the Reformation, and by the present canon law in Roman Catholic countries, the right to deprive a bishop is in the Pope, and instances were quoted in which the Pope exercised that right, or in which his right was recognised in the time of William the Conqueror, Henry I. and Henry VI. By the statute 1 Eliz. c. 1, the Pope's powers were transferred to the Crown, and at and after the Reformation, and before the statute which established the High Commission Court, Edward VI. deprived several bishops by Royal Commissioners. There were only two cases of deprivation by the Archbishop. One was the case of Dr. Watson, Bishop of St. David's, who was deprived by Tillotson for simony, in the beginning of the eighteenth century; the other was the case of the Bishop of Clogher, deprived by the Archbishop of Armagh in 1822. In the latter case there was no appeal, as the guilt of the person deprived was beyond all question, and the proceedings appeared to have been based entirely on Dr. Watson's case, which was the only direct authority on the subject. It was argued, for the Bishop of Natal, that Dr. Watson's case did not prove the existence of an authority to deprive in the Archbishop. The case was much debated, and with a great deal of heat and party feeling, before the Delegates (the Judicial Committee of the day), the Court of King's Bench, and the House of Lords, but the counsel for the Bishop of Natal tried to show that at no stage of it did the question whether the Archbishop

had a right to deprive come directly into question. Moreover, the question lay not between the Crown and the Archbishop, but between the Archbishop and the Convocation; and in the King's Bench the question turned entirely upon a collateral point, although Chief Justice Holt certainly did go out of his way to express a strong opinion in favour of the Archbishop's jurisdiction. At all events, it was contended, the Church Discipline Act had taken away any power which the Archbishop might have formerly possessed. The Court, however, expressed an opinion, in the course of the argument, that the Church Discipline Act did not apply to the matter.

In anticipation of the argument that, if the Bishop of Capetown could not deprive, no one could, it was argued that the Crown could issue a commission to deprive; and in anticipation of the argument that this would be opposed to the Act which abolished the High Commission Court, it was said that the Crown must have power to issue commissions for the purpose of trying archbishops; otherwise there would be no power at all to try them, which is impossible.

Lastly, it was argued that the Bishopric of Natal was a royal donative—that is, a piece of preferment to which the Crown appoints directly by letters patent, as it did, before the time of Stephen, to all the bishoprics of England; and it is clear law that the patron alone, and not the ordinary, can deprive the holder of a donative for heresy or any other crime.

These were the arguments for the Bishop of Natal. For the Bishop of Capetown, on the other hand, it was argued, first, that the cases cited to show that the Crown ought to interfere in the manner suggested did not apply, inasmuch as they were merely cases in which the Crown issued orders to servants who might be dismissed at pleasure. It was then said that the rest of the argument might be reduced to the three following points:—

1. Had the Bishop of Capetown jurisdiction to try the Bishop of Natal, and deprive him for heresy?
2. Had the Crown jurisdiction at this stage, by way of appeal from the sentence?
3. Had the Crown original jurisdiction in the matter, visitatorial or other?

As to the first, it was contended that the Bishop of Capetown had by his letters patent a coercive jurisdiction over the Bishop of Natal, because, Natal being a conquered colony, and not having a constitutional Government in 1853, when the patents were granted, it was competent to the Crown to establish the Court in question. It was said that the statute for abolishing the Court of High Commission did not extend to the colonies at all, and especially not to a conquered colony. It was admitted that the patent, if, and in so far as, it attempted to create a coercive jurisdiction, was void in Capetown, but it was contended that it was good in Natal.

Apart, however, from this coercive jurisdiction, it was argued that the Bishop of Capetown had a consensual jurisdiction to deprive the Bishop of Natal. It was admitted that the Church of England in the colonies was a voluntary society governed by the ecclesiastical law of England, but it was argued that by that law the Archbishop could deprive. On this it was said that the Pope's power before the Reformation was usurped, that the right to deprive was always in the Archbishop, and that the Pope compromised matters by making him *legatus natus* to the see of Rome, so that he always deprived in fact; and that, when the Pope's power was abolished, the Archbishop's common law right revived. It was further said that the cases of Bonner, Gardiner, &c. in the time of Edward VI. were under a statute then in force but since repealed, and that the case of the Bishop of St. David's had the authority of nearly every court of the realm to support it, and had been recognized and acted on in the Bishop of Clogher's case under the advice of the law officers of the Crown, whose opinion was produced and read. The notion that the Queen could try a bishop by commission was described as most unconstitutional; and the question how then an archbishop was to be tried was answered by Sir Robert Phillimore (not very willingly) by saying that he was to be tried "by a general council," whilst Sir Hugh Cairns suggested a special Act of Parliament.

The second question was whether, at this stage, the Crown had an appellate jurisdiction. As to this, it was said that the case had three aspects. Either there might be (1) no jurisdiction at all, or (2) a coercive jurisdiction, or (3) a consensual jurisdiction.

If there was no jurisdiction at all, appeal was not the proper remedy. If the Bishop of Natal suffered inconvenience from the proceedings of the Bishop of Capetown, and if those proceedings were a mere nullity, he could have them declared null by the civil courts in the colony, by a process known to the Dutch-Roman law there in force. This proceeding would be analogous to a prohibition in the Queen's Bench, though more extensive. If the Bishop of Natal objected that the patent of the Bishop of Capetown was inconsistent with his own, he could have a *scire facias* to repeat it.

Secondly, if there were a coercive jurisdiction, then the same power which gave the coercive jurisdiction to the Bishop of Capetown could regulate the course of appeal, and it had provided that the appeal was to be in the first instance to Canterbury, though from Canterbury an appeal might lie to the Queen. This, it was said, was not repugnant to the prior grant to the Bishop of Natal, as that grant determined only that the Bishop of Natal were to be subject to the Bishop of Capetown; the question of the subsequent course of proceeding might be regulated by the Capetown patent. It was further argued that, if the two patents were

conflicting, then there was no jurisdiction at all of the coercive kind, and the matter fell back into the first aspect.

Thirdly, the jurisdiction might be viewed as consensual, and in order to set up such a jurisdiction three parties—namely, the Queen and the two bishops—must be *ad idem*, otherwise there would be no consent. It was contended that the two patents and the oath of canonical obedience all formed one transaction, and must all be taken together, and that if the Bishop of Natal did not know the contents of the Capetown patent, he might and ought to have known them; and it was further contended that the result of the whole was a consent that Capetown and Natal should be in the condition of metropolitan and suffragan, subject to a final and conclusive reference to the Archbishop of Canterbury. It was said that no other consent could be proved. The Queen consented to nothing except the patents. The Bishop of Capetown never consented to be metropolitan, except on the terms of his own patent; and the Bishop of Natal, knowing that such a patent was about to be granted, must be held to have consented to it.

The third question was whether the Court had original jurisdiction, as visitor or otherwise, and it was argued that the Crown had no original jurisdiction otherwise than as visitor, inasmuch as the original Act of Supremacy (26 Hen. VIII. c. 1) was repealed, and the existing Act of Supremacy (1 Eliz. c. 1) did not apply. As for its visitatorial jurisdiction, it was argued that the Crown was not the visitor of the Bishop of Natal, as it had appointed the Bishop of Capetown to be visitor; nor of the Bishop of Capetown, for it had appointed the Archbishop of Canterbury to be visitor to him.

This was the argument for the Bishop of Capetown. Shortly, it amounted to a contention that the Bishop of Capetown had a coercive jurisdiction over the Bishop of Natal, from which an appeal lay to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and thence to the Queen; but that, if he had no jurisdiction at all, the Bishop of Natal ought to have applied to a civil Court for redress; and that, if there was a consensual jurisdiction, the appeal lay to the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose decision would be final. The point about Donatives was not noticed.

The course of proceedings gave a reply to the counsel for the Bishop of Natal, and they replied accordingly to these arguments. First, they said that the cases which they had quoted were not instances in which the Queen had given orders to her servants under pain of dismissal, but cases in which she had defined the rights of royal patentees whose claims conflicted or appeared to conflict.

As to the coercive jurisdiction claimed for the Bishop of Capetown over the Bishop of Natal, they said first that it could not apply to the present case, because the trial was in Capetown for an offence said to have been committed by publishing at and in Capetown, and not elsewhere. They also said that the coercive powers of the patent were indivisible, and must be good altogether or bad altogether; and as it was admitted that they were bad in Capetown, they must be bad in Natal too. Lastly, it was said that the Natal Government of 1847 was under a statute (6 and 7 Vict. c. 13), and was constitutional. This was denied in point of fact, and a reference to the Colonial Office was suggested.

As to the consensual jurisdiction, so far as the right of an Archbishop to deprive a Bishop was concerned, little was added to the original argument.

As to the appellate jurisdiction of the Crown, it was said that, if the proceedings were totally void, the Bishop of Natal ought not, as was suggested, to be obliged to go to the civil Courts, for the following reasons. If he went to the Court at Capetown, he would be met by the difficulty that the matter in litigation was not within the jurisdiction of the Court. How could the Court at Capetown prevent the Bishop of Natal from being deprived in Natal by a person competent to deprive him there? If he went to the Court at Natal, the converse difficulty would apply. How could the Court at Natal prohibit a judge from proceeding at Capetown, or make a declaration settling the right to an endowment in England? If he went for a prohibition to the Queen's Bench in England, the Court might, and no doubt would, refuse to issue a prohibition to South Africa, even if it had the power to do so, which is very doubtful. Hence, the only remedy was by referring to Her Majesty, to ascertain the effect of her own letters patent.

If, on the other hand, there were a coercive jurisdiction, then the appeal lay to the Crown, and not to the Archbishop, in the first instance, for the Crown was not able to invest the Archbishop with coercive jurisdiction, whatever might be the case with respect to the Bishop of Capetown. If there were such a jurisdiction at all, the appeal would be direct to the Queen under the Statute of Appeals.

Lastly, if there were a consensual jurisdiction, the appeal would lie to the Queen. It was, no doubt, highly ingenious to take the patents as the instruments in which the contract was to be found, and then to argue that there was no contract if they were inconsistent, or else a contract to refer to the Archbishop of Canterbury; but the true view was that the inconsistency between the patents and the fact that the Bishop of Natal had no notice of the patent granted to the Bishop of Capetown proved that the patents were not the contract, that the contract was independent of them, and must, as in the case of *Long v. Capetown*, be collected from the acts of the parties, the patents being laid out of the case. The acts of the parties—especially the oath of canonical obedience—showed that the consent or contract was to stand in the relation

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of archbishop and suffragan according to the ecclesiastical laws of England, and the consent of the Crown to this was shown by the fact that the Crown appointed the bishops. The result of this consent would be to give an appeal direct to the Queen. As to the supposed consent to appeal to the Archbishop of Canterbury, there was nothing to show that the Bishop of Natal ever consented to such an arrangement, and at all events there was no proof at all that the Archbishop of Canterbury ever consented to it; nor could the burden of the office be laid upon him by letters patent granted to others, or assumed by him without the consent of the parties.

Lastly, as to the question of the Crown's original jurisdiction, it was said that the argument from the case of the Archbishops had not been touched. It was absurd to talk of a General Council trying an Archbishop, and to pass *ex post facto* Acts of Parliament would be far more unconstitutional than to try bishops by commission. Moreover, the case of Donatines had not even been mentioned, and it was clear that the patron alone could deprive the incumbent of a donative.

With regard to the visitatorial power, it was argued that the true construction of the patents was, that they created two ecclesiastical corporations—namely, the bishoprics of Capetown and Natal, and that they made the Bishop of Capetown visitor of the Bishop of Natal, the result of which would be that an appeal would lie, as a matter of common right, to the Crown. The provisions relating to the Archbishop of Canterbury did not have the effect of making him visitor, and were not meant to do so, though they might bind the Bishop of Natal to have regard, to some extent, to his authority.

Such were the arguments in this most curious case. Several observations made by the Court in the course of them are worthy of observation. In the first place, the interference of the Court with the Bishop of Natal's counsel, when they were about to argue the question whether the Church had laws of its own other than and independent of the laws of the State on ecclesiastical affairs, was very noticeable. It disposes (for the twentieth time) of that vague notion of a "common law of the Church" which is constantly attempted to be set up by the clergy in various forms. One or two questions asked by the Lord Chancellor of Sir Hugh Cairns are also well worthy of attention. Suppose, he said, the Queen wanted to consider whether she should appoint a new Bishop of Natal, how could she proceed? Suppose the clergy of Natal wanted to know whether or not they were to attend a visitation of Bishop Colenso's, how are they to act? Sir Hugh Cairns replied, that the clergy might refuse to attend a visitation till the Bishop had got rid of the sentence by the proper course—i.e., either by a resort to the civil courts of the province or by an appeal to the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Queen, in the same way, might treat the see as void, and fill it up, if one of these courses were not taken in a reasonable time.

It is obvious that this question goes to the very root of the matter. Both the Crown and the clergy are directly interested in the state of things and in the position of the Bishop, nor does Sir Hugh Cairns' suggestion meet the difficulty. Obviously, if the proceedings are void, the Bishop of Natal is not bound to take the least notice of them; yet, if he does not, it would seem from Sir Hugh Cairns' view that the Queen ought to appoint a new bishop, and the clergy to refuse to attend visitations. Suppose this was done, and suppose Bishop Colenso was then to take steps to get the patent of the new bishop repealed, or to deprive the clergy who refused to attend the visitation, surely both the Queen and the clergy would be in a very unsatisfactory position. Whether there is or not, there ought to be, some authentic way of deciding by public authority a question of such great practical importance to a large number of people as the question whether a man is a bishop or not?

We have given the arguments in this case at full length because they have been much misunderstood, and have not been either fully or quite correctly reported in the daily papers, and because the legal and constitutional interest of the matter is greater than that of almost any trial which has taken place of late years.

THE TIMES ON LORD PALMERSTON.

THE Times the other day had a leading article which, after slow, painful perusal, and thoughtful comparison of it with recollections of our past reading, seems to us, on the whole, the very worst we have ever read. Of course, when we say this, we do not compare it with essays where the writer shows ignorance of the English language, or is utterly wrong in his facts. No such faults can be laid to the charge of the Times writer; he uses simple English, and knows his subject but too well. Indeed, we should never think of referring to the article but that it by no means stands alone; it is only one in a long series of sins of the like kind—sins that degrade journalism, and that tend to make the daily literature of the press utterly insipid. The article we refer to was on Lord Palmerston's appearance at Romsey. Without having seen it, many of our readers will no doubt conjecture very easily its tone and style, for what the leading journal always does say on such occasions seldom deviates into variety; but we assure them that, whatever family likeness it may have to its predecessors, it is in its way—as a dreary, tasteless, panegyric of a public man—perfectly unique.

There are men who hold that a free press, especially in the Parliamentary recess, is an unmixed evil. That is, perhaps, going too far. In the absence of some plan for allowing newspaper

writers to hibernate, and to emerge lean and lively in the spring, they must keep their hands in by commenting on anything that may arise when "the House" is not sitting, and the blue-books have ceased to appear. Moreover, as there is no law to compel people to read leading articles, the harm done by these essays written in the intervals of Parliament would not be great were it not that the occasional appearance of our leading politicians at local festivities gives dulness a terrible opportunity and ten-fold depth. Of course it is in vain to remonstrate against the custom that has grown up of inviting our statesmen to public festivals of all kinds, and asking them for a speech. Yet it is a new custom. Pitt never took the chair at the annual dinner of the Deal Benevolent Pensioners Club, and Fox would have staved if he had been asked to distribute prizes to all the little girls around St. Anne's who had kept their bibles and tuckers clean. It might also be borne in mind that it is as absurd to expect a statesman to expatiate on turnips, or wood-carving, or the Catechism, as to ask the Admiral of the Fleet to give us his views on the Poor Law, or the Archbishop of Canterbury to explain the nature of the Germanic Constitution. Still we submit to our fate. The "local" is King. Little Pedlington, like the American Union, must and shall be preserved. Nor can any one blame the people of Romsey or Tiverton for wishing to see Lord Palmerston or any other great man. Marlowe's Faust, though he could not reproduce Troy, called up Helen, that he might gaze upon "the face that launched a thousand ships"; and the Romseyites may naturally delight in looking on the outward form of the good-humoured veteran who has so long sat in the national councils, and who night after night in the Session still leads the House. All that kind of local love for Imperial men, when the men happen to be near neighbours, is very natural, and not unpleasant; and twenty local public dinners in the year would do nothing worse than disturb the health of the diners. But the modern *mauvais quart d'heure de Rabelais* is not during the payment of the bill, but during that dreadful production, "the speech of the evening." There must be a speech. If "appropriate," as it usually is, it is almost sure to be horribly dull; for our public men are not very versatile—their after-dinner jokes are generally even worse than their House of Commons drolleries; and when they go beyond their own special topics, they only avoid a display of ignorance by most carefully expressing the most commonplace and elementary opinions in a style of sustained insipidity which only long practice can enable anybody to command. Of course Mr. Disraeli is an exception; he has a courage that nothing can quench, and he has such an odd mental twist that he could paraphrase the Apostles' Creed until you thought you were listening to a chapter from Colenso. We also exclude the literary and artistic topics, on which, from early training and cultivated thought, some of our politicians can speak and write with effect.

These characteristics of nearly all our public men when speaking on extra-political topics come out very strongly indeed in Lord Palmerston. We all know what he is on the floor of the House—a ready speaker, not perhaps as skilful with the rapier of debate as some who sit opposite him or fight by his side, but making up by vigour of thrust and splendid "pluck" for any deficiency in tongue-fence. We also know his power of using with ease the vast store of facts picked up in a long public career, bearing all that weight of official learning "lightly like a flower," and second to no man in either House in the clear familiar statement of the most complicated diplomatic situation. We also know his value to the country when, as now, good men are scarce; and it is quite easy to understand very warm praise of the statesman who has made himself so useful, not to say necessary, and of the man who has made himself so generally liked. But no one who has studied his character and career can doubt that, beyond pure politics, Lord Palmerston is not a man of any remarkable power. The singleness of his devotion to official and Parliamentary life is in itself almost a proof that his thoughts and tastes do not willingly stray beyond the charmed circle. He has never owned to any literary flirtations; he has not even emulated Lord Russell in writing a melancholy play. But the positive proof of his mental limitation is the fact that whenever he speaks "beyond his last," we no longer recognise the Palmerston of a great debate. Outside the walls, our Gregory will not "remember his swashing blow." Even in the House he cannot speak with force on unaccustomed topics. During his Home Secretarship he had to speak on several social questions—metropolitan distress, sanitary reform, consumption of smoke, capital punishment, &c. &c.; and his speeches on all these topics, entirely unfamiliar to his past life, were so dull that they might well have been spoken by Sir Benjamin Hall or read by the Clerk at the table of the House. Of his "speeches on several occasions"—addresses to his neighbours, to Hampshire farmers, to Bradford artisans, and to others—the same may be said. They are not nonsense, nor anything half so refreshing. They are platitudes poured out by a man who is never at a loss for a word, because he never stops to select the best; and when their bulk is analysed we simply find "an infinite deal of nothing." His celebrated saying that "All babies are born good" was received by his friends with enthusiasm as a great contribution to the discussion on Baptismal Regeneration, and has been held to break the dead level of his extra-Parliamentary prose; but in truth it had as much meaning and point as Betsey-Jane's "Bless their little hearts" which *Punch* advertised some years ago as an Open-Sesame for nurses seeking a place. At Romsey, the other day, Lord Palmerston was simply his usual unpolitical self—honest, unpretending, attempting no high flights

and ladling out the prose that he knows well he has been talking on such occasions all his life. He acted as chairman of the local dinner, and proposed the toasts in those very words which we all seem to have heard a thousand times, and which constitute a kind of after-dinner liturgy for the loyal—so thoroughly stereotyped, indeed, that any eccentric wit would savour of “dissent.” In proposing the “Clergy,” the fluency became rather slipshod. “We are here a society of agriculturists, and ought not to forget our spiritual guides”—as if manufacturers and professional men may forget their clergy, for “tis their nature to.” Then we were told that man would never be industrious unless he could reap the fruits of his industry; that agriculture is a “progressive” science; that steam-ploughing is sure to make way; that heavy carts and waggon are bad, and light vehicles much better; that weeds injure “corn, grasses, and other useful things”; and that, finally, “if there is one thing to which the energy of our farmers should be devoted more than another” (and we suppose there is) “it is the extirpation of these weeds.” This is simply a fair summary of the speech; there was in it no absurdity, no outrage of common sense. The phrases savour, it is true, more or less of the penny-a-liner; but then Lord Palmerston is not bound to be instructive or witty when talking familiarly to his near neighbours, seeing that he has much weightier business on hand, and more critical audiences next year to address.

On this speech the *Times*, as is its wont, wrote next day the leader we refer to. The regulation “leader” for Lord Palmerston is a composition of a very familiar type. Possibly the editor keeps one gentleman who, for a large salary, does this and nothing more, and who, whenever the Premier makes a country speech, is bound by contract to supply a column of praise. If so, we suspect that long practice has made him weary, for his latest production reads as if the writer were very tired. “Lord Palmerston at Romsey” (he begins, and so far the Court is with him) “is one of those pictures of English life and politics that we may some day value the more because we no longer have them.” This at once stops ungenerous criticism, for, while called upon to rejoice, we are touched by a little bit of sorrowful reflection equal to the old lady’s “Such is life, which is likewise the end of all things.” The writer goes on:—“The Premier walks out of Broadlands and in a few minutes is in the New Corn Exchange of the neighbouring market-town, among the gentry and farmers of the neighbourhood.” This is a very interesting and remarkable series of facts. That the Premier should walk, that his walk to the next market-town should take only a few minutes, and that he should meet there the gentry and farmers of the neighbourhood instead of the gentry and farmers of some other neighbourhood, is well worth metropolitan attention. What Lord Palmerston did is then told in an equally fresh and simple way. It is, the writer admits, ordinary work, “but of course he does it well.” “The chief point is one which every farmer ought to receive with respect from a man who, spending much of his time in the country, and having his eyes always open, has been looking about him for near eighty years.” *Martin Chuzzlewit* gives us a picture of an American journalist retailing a story against the Secretary of State, who had, it seems, committed some offence while at nurse; but the English journalist, nobler in his tendencies, goes back to the Premier’s infancy to record only creditable, and indeed wonderful, facts. For if Lord Palmerston has been “looking about him for near eighty years,” he must have begun to take notice at a very early age; we only hope, for the sake of the peace and happiness of his parents and the friends of his infancy, that the *Times*’ account is incorrect, and that his eyes were not “always open.” The fact and inference which the farmers are to receive with respect as the result of this eighty years’ observation (“from the earliest period to the present time,” like Pinhook’s *Catechism of History*) is, that there have been great changes in agriculture, and that there will be more. The wisdom of this is undoubtedly, and no farmer will, we hope, treat it with contempt. Having thus disposed of “the chief point” as he calls it, of the Premier’s oration, the writer becomes comparative and reflective. “Sir Robert Peel had to make many speeches at Tamworth, but we cannot recall that he ever confined himself to such plain advice to the farmers as to do their best, to keep ahead, and to improve as much as they could.” There is great truth here—but why bring in Sir Robert Peel alone? Why not name our statesmen since Walpole, and prove that in beautiful simplicity Palmerston beats them all? Then the writer ventures on a flight, half the Premier’s, half his own; and a very fine flight it is. “When a field is all red with poppies or yellow with charlock and the many other weeds that wear that livery, we may venture to ask whether it must always be so, and how it comes to pass. It has not escaped Lord Palmerston’s eye. We confess to sharing his suspicion, that the presence of weeds tells a tale of neglect.” The modesty of these sentences, the true diffidence of genius, the forbearing courtesy, are worth their weight in gold. Mark the time when the writer thinks he may “venture” to put a query; only when a field is “all red with poppies, or yellow with charlock;” under less striking circumstances to speak would be

presumption. Even then he asks, like a sentimental Scripture-reader catching a drunkard in the fact, “Must it always be so?” following up with the rather blunt query, “How comes it to pass?” Then “it [the field] has not escaped Lord Palmerston’s eye.” We do not wish to be hypercritical, but really this sentence seems to us pleonasm. That a field red and yellow with weeds could “escape the eye” of a gentleman who has lived in the country, who has kept his eyes open for eighty years, and is always looking around him, is obviously impossible. “We confess to sharing his suspicion that the presence of weeds tells a tale of neglect.” What a modest confession! What gentleness of judgment! How mildly the two thus linked—the journalist and the Premier—“suspect,” only suspect, that the farmers have been naughty, perhaps very naughty, in their sins of omission! The concluding paragraph of the essay is half composed of bits in the gushing style—“We wonder whether Romsey appreciates the distinction of having a man of world-wide fame to open its public buildings and to preside over its entertainments”—and half of very direct quotations from the guide-books. “Romsey has its fine old Norman abbey; Tamworth has its castle; both objects are interesting to residents and visitors,” (information at once fresh and delightful,) but of course Lord Palmerston is declared to be far superior either to the abbey or the castle; and, indeed, it is finally declared that “Parliament itself can hardly match what is said in these almost rural haunts!”

It would not be worth while, as we have said, to notice this article, but that it is one of many of the same kind. No man is more likely than Lord Palmerston himself to get sick of such silly fulsome praise, poured out without measure or good taste whenever he talks a few ordinary sentences to his neighbours or friends. And none regret more than we do that the leading daily journal of England should try to write itself down by stuff like this, at once “so sweetly mawkish and so smoothly dull.”

DOG-PERSIAN IN EXCELSIS.

VIENT d’être nommé Chevalier Grand Cordon de la Légion d’Honneur I Am Your Faithful Obedient Servant Russell Knight of the Garter. Let us suppose this delectable piece of nonsense to have appeared some fine evening in the official portion of the *Paris Moniteur*, great with the dignity of leaded type and authoritative heading; and let us further conceive it to have been duly copied, circulated, and commented upon in the unofficial ordinary newspapers of France. What commentary should we suppose the French papers likely to make upon the English system of nomenclature? What would they say about the godfathers and godmothers who “assist” at the baptism of infant “Anglo-Saxons”? The first ejaculation would probably be the same as that which was provoked by the representation of *Othello* in English on a Parisian stage some fifteen or more years ago. “Iago, Iago—ces noms Anglais—tiens, c’est comme le miaulement d’un chat!” Think of the outburst of jokes both coarse and keen, of the inextinguishable laughter among the happy gods of the European Paradise. Think how the ignorant majority, and the evil-minded majority, and the clever majority, would all go their ways exulting in one more proof of that perverse insularity which begins even at the baptismal font. M. Assolant and all the tribe of *feuilletonistes* would put forth the most brilliant little leaves of writing, all of a glitter with glass-dust not to be distinguished from real diamond-dust. The voices of De Porquet, or Fleming and Tibbins, or whoever may be the recognised interpreters of English words and ways for the benefit of the French, would be dull and silent amid the chaff and gay clamour. But a small minority would assuredly be found, versed in the method of our language, and ever irritated at signs of international misconception, who would not spare their denunciations of the utter carelessness and slovenliness in a public office which lets an insane jumble of titles and names and formulas go and do duty for an unprotected foreigner’s own decent Christian patronymic.

The scene and the names must now be changed, and the story must be narrated of ourselves. In one of the *London Gazettes* of last week, such as we are accustomed to read in the top corners of our daily paper the morning after publication, the following pretty piece of reading was served up at our breakfast tables:—“The Queen has been graciously pleased to nominate and appoint His Highness Furzund Dilbund Rasekhul Itgad Dowlut-i-Englishia Rajah Rajegan, Rajah Rundeer Singh Bahadur of Kuppoorthulla, to be a Knight of the most Exalted Order of the Star of India.” This must have created bewilderment, disquietude, and annoyance among nine-tenths of newspaper readers—among all ladies, and professional people, and dunces parochial-minded people—very much as though a Hindoo crossing-sweeper had intruded himself in person upon their morning privacy, or a fluttering white-robed Lascar thrust his bundle of tracts between the ratepayer and his tea-cup. Asia is very well in its way, but Asia must consume its own smoke, and not come into the way of its European neighbours, as it has got into the habit of doing too frequently of late. Yet there are gleams of hope through the darkness. Englishia—which seems to differ from English as Alicia from Alice—might make a pretty ladies’ name, such as Andalusia, Venetia, and other provinces have done before now; and it has a friendly look, like a green oasis, in the midst of this weary Asiatic desert. Rajegan is evidently the family name of His Highness, according to the punctuation of the phrase, sentence, word-drift, or whatever it is to be called; and we sincerely congratulate the Rajah on its pleasant sound, its adaptability to European organs, and its apparent resemblance to

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the proper names of the exalted Irish—a race fond of claiming an Eastern origin, which may perhaps be admitted when we find names in the East made so much after the fashion of Hogan, Flanagan, and Mulligan. Those who, like ourselves, are professionally bound over as critics to be mistrustful of everything, may hazard a suspicion that some of it may be no name at all, but a mass of title, or a bit of a sentence in a native language that has been smuggled into the *Gazette* by enthusiastic advocates of the Roman character, under guise of a name. Such cavil as this, however, can be met by a ready answer. If Furzund Dilbund, &c., be a title, why is "His Highness" written in English, and not in Kuppoorthulhese? We must take it as we find it given to us. It is given to us as a name, and it has been taken as such, and made merry over as such, and had good stories told over it as such—especially the inevitable old one of the Spanish landlord and the hidalgo with his string of names, a story as impossible to miss as it seems to be to write three consecutive Spanish names correctly—and moralized over as such, and very likely had thanks said over it as such that we are not like those Asiatics; and all the cheap Quintilians of Cockayne have stared, and gasped, and told us "how much harder 'twas than Gordon, Colkitto, or Macdonald, or Galasp." Of course, a name like this is one more proof of Asiaticism, Indianity, niggerhood, or by whatever name we may call the aggregate of the perverse uncomfortable ways of our fellow-subjects and cousins Indo-german. It seems to afford a dim shadow of an explanation, or at least an analogy, to their other objectional points of difference from ourselves—their dislike of beefsteaks and turn for metaphysical brooding and clarified butter, their tendency to be blue at the extremities in cold weather, their aggravating cerebral accent, their singular proclivity to the selling of Christian tracts in London, combined with marked repugnance towards the religious doctrines therein inculcated, and all the other details which make up the character of the wolf we have got by the ears and are not flinching from the duty of taming.

Perhaps Miss Yonge, at least, will thank us if we take this name—let us say Sir Furzund Rajegan's name—to pieces, and see of what material it is made up; in doing which it will not be easy to avoid the discovery, at the same time, of what materials Perso-Indian scholarship in high places is made up. It would be more exact to say Persian at once. The sentence is made up of Persian words, meant to obey Persian laws. The words are either true Persian drawn from the pure well of Aryan undefiled, or Arabic words and an Arabic phrase incorporated in that language, or Indian words treated and inflected as Persian. The laws of its syntax are Persian, and it is a good or bad sentence only when tested as Persian. *Furzund*, in its elements and its meaning exactly corresponding to the Latin *prognatus*, is a somewhat archaic and poetical word for a son, little used vernacularly, but fully living in the high literary style and official parlance. In the latter it is employed—or was some years ago—by the Grand Vizier's office at Tehran in addressing Persian ambassadors abroad, and other dependent functionaries. All Continental Orientalists would write the word *Farzand* or *Ferzend*; and English Orientalists who have anything approaching to book-learning, and who see the advantage of adopting one system of transcription, generally follow that of Sir W. Jones, who would write *Farzand*. But, though the vowel is etymologically, and elsewhere really, an *a*, *Furzund* does exactly express the Indian way of pronouncing it, with our short *u* as in *but*, *fun*; and it is no use quarrelling with this part of Mr. Gilchrist's system, which is, practically, so accurate on Indian ground. The only inconvenience attending it is that a handful of educated people here, familiar with Continental languages, and not realizing the nature of the transcription of sounds from one alphabet to another, will say *Sootledge*, and *Poorjab*, and Sir *Yoong* Bahawder, as they used to show off their Spanish in M. Du Chaillu's year by pronouncing Gorilla *Gorillia*, after the analogy of Montilla and *Manzanilla*, just as if the great anthropoid ape were a new kind of bitter sherry. But if the carriage people go wrong, the omnibus people go right in these Gilchristian short *u*'s.

Dil-bund, or *-band*, or *-bend*, literally "heart-binding," is by itself quite unobjectionable, beyond such objection as lies against the whole, that it is written in Persian, and not in the plain English official version thereof. The words, when taken separately, though we need hardly now say no more the Rajah's name than the Lord Chamberlain's name, are good sense enough, as we have seen. Yet *Furzund Dilbund* means just nothing at all, as it stands. The word which logically connects the two, in order to convey the desired meaning of "affectionate son," or, as we should say, "devoted dependent," is wanting or omitted. It is a very little word, being simply the short letter *i*; and, in the Arabic alphabet used by all Mussulmen for writing their respective languages, it is an invisible word, not perceptible as a word at all. Yet it is none the less an integral, if not quite an organically living, portion of Persian speech. The Arabic alphabet has no means of expressing a short *i* as a substantive word by itself, nor can it represent the sound as here uttered at all except as a vowel point affixed to the consonant ending the foregoing word, or by a *y* when that word ends in a vowel. In this case it is called the *Izâfa* (junction or copula), more properly, the sign of *Izâfa*. But it is not writing, but speech, which constitutes the vital principle of a language; and if the Arabic alphabet only affords an imperfect Semitic instrument for the registration of Aryan sounds, these latter, when emancipated and recorded in a more suitable character, should be represented in full, and all

the more so when grammatically significant. The Parsee does this when writing Persian with the Zend alphabet, for that has a character for each vowel, whether long or short; the Armenian does this; and we Romans should do this, as, indeed, all scholars generally do. The word is a good little word, come of good lineage, with illustrious cousins. It is the legitimate descendant of the Zend *hya*, the Achaemenian *hya*, which is both a relative and demonstrative pronoun, as well as the termination of the genitive case arising out of that pronoun, being neither more nor less than the Homeric article. In Parsi, the most archaic stage of current Persian as recorded in the books of the Fire-worshippers, the word appears not only in its modern employment, to form the connexion between substantives and adjectives, or to supply the loss of the genitive case as in our *of*, but as an actual relative pronoun; as in, for instance, *mart i raft*, the man who went. In the modern Kurdish declension of personal pronouns it is well preserved in an older form—*Az*, I; genitive, *ya men*, of me; where Kurdish has also retained the old nominative now lost to Persian, but common to all the other Iranian dialects, as well as identically existing in Old-Slavonic and Lithuanian, and, with more surface-change, in each of the other members of the Pan-Aryan group, from *aham* and *ego* down to *I*. The word corresponds always in meaning to the English *of* or *which*; and, if the alphabet admit of it, should no more be omitted in writing Persian than those words should be in English.

Here, we again miss it after Dilbund. *Razekhul Itgad* is intended to represent an Arabic phrase, inserted bodily into the sentence according to Persian syntactical rules but, within itself, being perfect self-contained Arabic. As in Turkish, Persian, or Indian politics you constantly meet with *imperia in imperiis*, so in the languages of these countries you meet with *linguas in linguis*. Gilchrist would write it *Rasikh ool I'tikâd*, or *I'tigâd*; Sir William Jones would write it *Râsikhû I'l-tikâd*; and this last would represent the Arabic spelling with mathematical accuracy. The Arabic article may be left alone by itself in the Roman character without any harm being done; or it may be prefixed to the *I'tikâd*, as it ought to be by rights, but when affixed to the *Râsikh* it is like coupling shafis to a cart-horse before they have been built into the cart. *Rasekh* is an allowable variation, but *Itgad* is nothing at all. This word, like all Arabic words, must be written on some one consistent system, and any random or unsystematic writing is pure error. The word should be *I'tikâd*, or *I'tiqâd*, or it may be written with any other conventional sign to convey the two sounds proper to Arabic; one, our inverted commas, for a sound impossible to European adult learners, being a forcible contraction and subsequent dilatation of the throat-valves, so to speak, when uttered by Arabs, but in other languages into which it has passed, a mere hiatus; the other, a guttural *k*, or a *q*, for which last *g* is a misprint, but not even a misprint can confer sense or possibility upon this word as it stands. The phrase altogether, and by rights, we may add, is as though the Latin *fidei servantissimus* were embedded in an English sentence.

Dowlut we have nothing to say against, for the Gilchristian system has one or two redeeming points about it, though we should never dream of using or advocating it. At this point we find our little friend the short *i* has got his syntactical rights officially acknowledged at last, perhaps owing to his next neighbour's presence; for where you find English you will probably also find *i* written long, and even unduly held, in honour, it is said. But why *Englishia*? It is utterly barbarous. In Persia at all times, and in India during the Mogul period, the name of England was written and spoken *Ingilis* or *Ingiliz*, which, with an Arabic feminine termination added to the Gentile adjective, would be *Ingiliziyya*. Latterly, the word *Ingrez*, taken from the Portuguese, is the one used in India for the most part. But *Englishia*, if it be so written purposely with the laudable intention of getting the word in its purest form hot and hot from headquarters, is at best a case of clipping and tampering with the Shah's Persian, which even the Ruler of India has no right to commit. The idiom of this language, moreover, imperatively requires the presence of some honorific adjective in the present instance; the phrase should be *Dowlut*, or, as we should write, *Daulat i Aliyya i Ingiliziyya*, "the high English state." It is not a mere question of politeness, nor of grammar, but of idiomatic principle; and the adjective is an indispensable as, in French, the prefix of *Monsieur* in an address like *M. le Comte, M. votre frère*, would be. Its omission is, in an Oriental's eye, a want of due self-respect. We would gladly enter into the whole question of the method of clothing European forms and titles in an Oriental garb had we space enough; we can now only say that the Russians have long been manipulating Persian for this purpose with wonderful tact, and their greatest success in Central Asia has been a philological success. The Sovereign of India was long called a mere *Malika i Ma'mâma* in Indian-Persian, which a Central Asiatic understands as an "exalted Chieftainess." The Emperor of Russia is in all the mouths and opinions of Central Asia the *Imperâtor i Azam*, the Greatest Emperor; and this last is not mere official form, but good Persian vernacular. *Raja Rajegan* will do well enough; it does not belong to the domain of linguistic criticism to inquire why the worthy man is called Rajah of Rajahs, so we willingly make our salaam to His Highness, and retire from his presence, after having expressed our entire dissatisfaction with his fine new patchwork of European clothing.

There is no great harm or depth of delinquency in this affair,

after all; nor does the carelessness and slovenliness with which it is put together constitute enough seriously to hurt the feelings of Orientalists, who should be thick-skinned and long-suffering in this respect, and have much to bear withal. It is the intense strangeness, not to say absurdity, of writing an English Government Gazette in Persian, and not in English, which bewilders us and provokes our comments. When it is wanted to say "His Highness Raja So-and-so, a devoted adherent and faithful dependent of the English Government," it is best to say it in English when addressing English readers, and to keep the Persian for Indian Gazettes on Indian ground, if there be such things. When we give the Garter to King George we shall not gazette him as "Anax Andron Tondapameibomenos Georgios," much less write it "Hanachs Andron"; but we shall call him King of Men, or whatever the proper Athenian title may be, in decent everyday English. When Prince de Carambolesco shall be elected by universal suffrage Emperor of regenerate Danubia, we shall not say to him *Maria Ta*, but "Your Majesty," however pleasant it may be to show off our Daco-Roman. We are already prone to dwell with more weight upon the points of difference which separate Asiatics from ourselves than upon the points of similarity which unite us, and it is not well to let a plain straightforward sentence in the classical language of Sadi pass, for want of explanation or translation, as a vile uncouth tag of names worthy only of a Feejee or Dahoman savage. The incidental questions arising out of this—the force and vitality of the Persian language in India, its bearing and influence upon Hindustani, adopted by the English as the universal language, but as yet unfix'd and adrift, as regards its future vocabulary at least—the curious discrepancies among Mahometan Orientals, in the employment of terms denoting their styles and titles—the difference between the living language of Iran and the benumbed quasi-classical Persian scholastically taught in India—these questions, full of interest, cannot now be examined. For the present, we can only conclude with the Arabic proverb, "*An-násū a'dáū mā jāhālū*," of which the French "*C'est la mésintelligence qui fait la guerre*" is a feeble shadow, and which we shall freely translate, "When men see a strange object which they know nothing of, they go and hate it." Even in a mere trifle like the present, it is surely no waste of time to substitute correct for incorrect impressions, and sow the seed of sympathy rather than antipathy.

MORAL SEWAGE.

WE want a Moral Sewers' Commission. To purify the Thames is something, but to purify the *Times* would be a greater boon to society. Lord Campbell only did half his work, and that perhaps the least important half. Or is it by some strange law of compensation that there must be a constant amount of pollution infecting the world, and that, if we stop a nuisance in one place, it must by an evil necessity break out in another? It is only by availing ourselves of language adapted from the sewers that we can adequately hint at the moral malaria and plague centres of the day. Sanitarians, as they call themselves, begin to doubt whether the present system of flushing and the rest of it is, after all, most conducive to the public health. Those learned in the unsavoury literature of the subject have met with sceptical philosophers on sewers who think that separate and defined cesspools are not so dangerous as the million traps and open gutters which may diffuse disease in every street, in every house, and in every floor of a house. This analogy seems to apply to public morals as well as to metropolitan sewage. In Holywell Street and its sealed books we knew at least where the plague was. We had an open and palpable dunghill to deal with. We might avoid it. It proclaimed itself. But now the odour rises up in unsuspected places, and in almost every column of every newspaper. The unsavoury reports of the Divorce Court, the disgusting details of harlotry and vice, the filthy and nauseous annals of the brothel, the prurient letters of adulterers and adulteresses, the modes in which intrigues may be carried on, the diaries and meditations of married sinners, these are now part of our domestic life, meet us at breakfast, mount up into the drawing-room, and attend the evening and fireside circle. We cannot escape from them. We must either be content to live outside the world which now is, its history and politics, or we must take existence, from morning to night, besotted with this daily dirt. Here, for example, is less than a single week's bouquet of abominations, only an ordinary specimen of the rakkings of the *sterquilinium diurnum* of the press:—*Stowe v. Stowe*, in the Divorce Court; *Chetwynd v. Chetwynd*, in the same home of all the virtues; the too famous Irish trial; and a breach of promise case tried at Guildhall, and reported on Monday last only because there was a fine flavour of seduction in it. Three of these cases appear in a single number of the *Times*, and all this before the adventures of a septuagenarian knight with a Haymarket *Lia*, and the instructive history (so useful to country girls) of the marketable value of unchastity, had been forgotten, or before the public memory was fumigated out of the foul memories of *Codrington v. Codrington*. And, as it seems, there is a certain dear delight and perennial charm in dirty cases, which provides not only that they should be spun out to the utmost degree of toilsome minuteness which judge, jury, and counsel can bear or encourage, but that they should assume immortality. *Stone v. Stone* has been tried for the second time, and on each occasion lasted for a week; and there is a hint—or shall we call it a promise?—that the caterers for public morality will, in the shape of a new trial, revive *Codrington v. Cod-*

rington. A favourite piece like this is worth an enterprising manager's attention, and we see no reason why it should not retain possession of Sir James Wilde's stage for many seasons. And because we have not got enough of our own domestic nastiness, we import from the Irish laystall. The Act of Union hardly provided for establishing a Customs' Union in international immorality, and we could willingly have left *Travers v. Wilde* to the bursts of eloquence and magnificent forensic displays of the Four Courts. But

... in Tiberim defluxit Orontes;
the scum of the Liffey must flow into the common sewer of the Thames.

Now what is there to justify this prodigality of foul literature? If there were a single point of practice, or any nice question of law, which these cases involved, there might be some apology for obtruding them on the public. We have had nothing nearer to this than the point involved in the case of *Stone v. Stone*, which, after all, only amounted to this, that a seven months' child is no proof of unchastity—a physiological fact not very novel, and one which certainly did not require twenty columns of irrelevant, but of course interesting and very slippery, gossip to illustrate it. So the Irish case, which was reported in the *Times*, is a very illustrative one. Here we have no formal and professional report, as in the cases in the English Courts. The Dublin Correspondent, whose function it is to fill an interesting column, gives his own, and that an untechnical, survey of the case, and a very improper one it is. But it is done with a purpose. Our Own Correspondent has an object, and he attains it. That object is to minister to the popular taste. So he goes carefully through the trial, and with great judgment and skill picks out all the nasty parts of the case, selects the prurient details, culls those points of the evidence which constitute "the most serious parts of the case"—that is, the evidence which purports to give the minute particulars of what, if true, was a great outrage committed under the most atrocious abuse of medical knowledge and medical confidence. *Quorum hac tam putida?* What human being can be the wiser or better for this report? What interest—legal, or scientific, or moral—is served by this torrent of indecency? Will it be pretended that it is of high social advantage to lay bare the plague-spots of humanity, to lift up the veil of conventionalisms which hides an evil and adulterous generation from a wholesome knowledge of itself and its sins? The plea will hardly avail, for we want no Divorce Court to tell us that there are plenty of unfaithful wives and unfaithful husbands in the world. The law reports can scarcely give us any new information on the vices of the age, nor are they constructed exactly on a model of wholesome and deterrent didactics. We much doubt whether vice is rendered more hideous by daily familiarity with it. One thing is most certain, that if our ingenuous youth, or our chaste matronhood, or our innocent maidenhood, desire to know how vice may be best pursued, how intrigues can be most safely managed, what and where are the appliances and conveniences of sin, what is the price of dishonour, what steps lead to it, what palliations can be offered for it, what arguments against virtue can be raised from the prevalence and pecuniary advantages of sin, what a sham most of our domestic virtues are, what a varnished hypocrisy respectable life is, they have only to read the daily newspapers. And human nature must be strangely altered if the practical conclusion is not, What's the good of being virtuous when every woman, and every man too, is at heart a rake, and most of them are rakes in practice as well as in heart?

The *Lancet*, very much to its credit, has been engaged for years in denouncing the pseudo-medical advertisements of the infamous quack doctors. We observe that the strong and indignant remonstrances of the *Lancet* against those newspapers, organs of the Church or of fashionable life, which defile themselves with these abominations are generally transferred to the *Times*. But it is the old, old case of the mote and beam. The quack advertisements are a disgrace only to newspaper proprietors, but the law and police reports of the London press are a disgrace to European civilization. It may be doubted whether all the foulest literature of the foulest ages, the reeking abominations of the grossest literature of France and Italy, have ever inflicted such general damage on public morality as the prominent publication of indecent cases in the *Times* newspaper. Obscene books, after all, mainly address themselves *ad nos*. A man must be very corrupt even to turn over a page of Holywell Street *facetiae*. But it is just that class of people who are neither very good nor very bad, that class which comprises nine-tenths of the whole world, who are certain to be injured by perusing cases of the *Chetwynd v. Chetwynd* class. As there can be no good in the knowledge imparted from the Divorce Court, there must be harm in it. The very fact that it suggests forbidden familiarity with vice is its condemnation; and as a matter of practical life, it only requires a moment's reflection to see, not the whole extent, but some of the direct consequences of the evil. Will anybody say that, as a matter of education, and taking modern society at what it is, it is not of the greatest consequence that young people of either sex should keep themselves *au courant* with contemporary history—say with that of the American civil war? How are they to learn this but by the newspapers? But is a newspaper with nine columns of *Codrington v. Codrington* a proper manual of education? Is it a pleasant thing for even decent men and women of adult age to handle? Oh, but the young people must be warned off the forbidden columns, and there is always a guide—

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post to suggest what slippery places to avoid. Such a defence cannot be urged with sincerity. It may be a lamentable fact, but it is a fact, that, to ensure familiarity with the forbidden, the most certain course is to warn against it. The more we are told, and the more we know, that there are certain things which we ought not to read, the more we read them. If, as we believe, it is the rule in some families that the young ladies are not to read the newspapers, the certain consequence is that they will get at them on the sly. Everybody knows that everybody does read the Divorce Court reports. A *cause célèbre*—that is, a particularly offensive and crazy tale—rivals Reuter's Telegrams, and the Births, Marriages, and Deaths department, according to the sex of the constant reader. There may be a reason for the exuberant fulness of these reports. That reason may turn upon moral, or upon social, or upon legal, or upon religious considerations. If there is such a reason, if there is any justification at all for these reports, let it be produced. With considerable pomp of rhetoric, and with a grandiloquent appeal to certain high-minded considerations and public duties, the *Times* lately read its brethren of the daily press an edifying lecture on quack advertisements. It is easy to expatiate on the high duty of sacrificing lucre to moral obligations, and to compound for sins which proprietors are inclined to by damning those sins of brother proprietors which they have no mind to. But, as things stand, we have a right to demand of the *Times* some justification of its daily insults to common decency. Until that justification is produced, we shall know what to think. We know that some of the penny papers pounce upon a dirty case as a means of increasing their circulation. Their daily placards of contents announce this unmistakably. And, as at present advised, there is nothing for us to conclude but that the *Times* is afraid to decline the competition with its cheap rivals in attractive and lucrative indecency. If we are unjust to the more respectable members of the daily press, it will be easy, as it is certainly expected of them, to tell us why their Law Reports are what they are—a scandal to the country, a prostitution of literary power, and a disgrace to civilization itself.

TOBACCO AND ITS ENEMIES.

AMONG the many advantages arising from a judicious use of tobacco may be reckoned the increase of benevolence amongst its devotees. The world always looks pleasanter through a cloud of smoke. All harsh and irritating things become mellowed and softened to the mind which regards them under the hallowing influences of a cigar. No genuine smoker should, therefore, feel anything but amusement at the petulant attacks of the profane vulgar; he should regard even the Dean of Carlisle with Christian, or at least Nicotian, toleration. It is, of course, wrong for a man to seek to deprive others of a pleasure because he does not enjoy it himself; but we must always make allowance for the irritability natural to persons suffering from any serious deprivation. So long, therefore, as the anti-tobacconists confine themselves to quiet lamentations over the wickedness of smokers, we should simply avoid their company; if they preach at us, we should seek refuge in sleep; if they send us pamphlets, we should convert the pamphlets into pipelights; the very strongest weapon we should wish to use against all fair means of propagating their cheerful creed should be a hearty laugh. But we must add that, when they endeavour to extort forty shillings from us, we should undoubtedly summon them before a police court. It is not often that the operations of those earnest men who have become the missionaries of the anti-tobacco movement crop up at the surface; and it is desirable that, when they do, they should receive the fullest publicity.

It is probably unknown to many of our readers that there has existed since 1853 a "British Anti-Tobacco Society," whose list of vice-presidents includes the name of our old friend the Dean of Carlisle. This Society has taken upon itself to issue a placard, which begins by announcing that "smokers are now exceedingly insolent"; and states that, to arrest this "insufferable nuisance" in railway stations and carriages, they will offer rewards varying from ten shillings to two pounds to any one who will secure the conviction of an offender on the Richmond line. A Mr. Innes, apparently in blissful ignorance of the Society and its placards, was smoking the pipe of peace at the end of the Barnes platform, whilst waiting for a train. He was addressed by a man calling himself an agent of the Anti-Tobacco Society, to whom he at once gave his name. He also wrote a letter to the Society, explaining that he was annoying nobody by smoking, and that he left off when requested. The secretary—stated to be an unsuccessful provincial tailor, who has found a more congenial employment "in prosecuting a crusade against tobacco"—replied to the effect that the case would be proceeded with unless Mr. Innes would pay the fine of forty shillings, "to avoid the costs and exposure." This fine, as was explained afterwards, was to be paid over to the porters and informers. Mr. Innes summoned the secretary for a demand for money accompanied by menaces, and the case failed on the grounds that it had not been demanded, but "suggested," that the money should be paid, and that the menaces had not been such as to put Mr. Innes in personal fear.

The decision is doubtless correct, and the Society have done nothing for which they or their secretary can be legally punished. The punishment appropriate to most of their errors is that of being universally ridiculous, though this is one which use has by this time converted into an enjoyment for them. Their present pro-

ceedings deserve ridicule, flavoured with a stronger feeling. We hope that they will refrain in future from conduct which has such a strong, though delusive, resemblance to extorting money. The code of railway morality in regard to smoking has become pretty well established. It of course condemns smoking in all cases where it is likely to produce annoyance to one's fellow-travellers. In such cases, however, smoking ought to be suppressed by the Company's officers. It is bad enough that a society of volunteer zealots should rush in to stimulate official zeal, that it should convert the harmless porter into a spy, and poison the confidence which exists between judicious travellers and an obliging guard. But it is quite intolerable that any society, however pure its motives, should proceed to levy fines upon the accused, and distribute them according to its will and pleasure. If a man were to accuse another of a crime punishable by fine, and then say that to save exposure he would take the fine himself, we should know what to call him. The "British Anti-Tobacco Society" of course does not take the fine itself, but, according to its secretary, it distributes the money to the informers. The spy gets his forty shillings, and you save the exposure, although the bargain is not transacted with him directly, but with an immaculate Society of almost superhuman virtue. The case will, to the Society, be a warning to avoid such inadvertence for the future; to others, it will be a new illustration of the old truth, that the blunders of saints have often a superficial likeness to the deliberate tricks of the worldly. This special manifestation of the Society's energy will, of course, soon come to an end. A few unfortunate smokers will be victimized. The understanding between officials and passengers will for a time be clouded. Things will then shake down into a new condition of equilibrium. It will be tacitly taken for granted that the guard's eye is to be endowed with only a certain fixed amount of penetrative power. The tariff will be readjusted, and the battle of the pipes will be succeeded by a general pacification. We have no fear that a standing army of spies will be organized on English railways by our crusaders against tobacco, or that it will be kept in working order for any length of time. Smoking in railroad carriages, like bribery at elections, suits too many interests not to preserve a tolerably tough vitality.

But the Society, not content with suppressing the symptoms, means to attack the very root of the disease. Our reformers aim at far greater things than stopping this particular loophole. They intend to revolutionize the state of public opinion. They mean to stigmatize this awful vice, till it dies out branded by their contempt. The day is to come when it will be a proud thing for a man to say, "I was one of the original members of the Anti-Tobacco Society," when the Chancellor of the Exchequer will have to look about for another source of revenue than tobacco duties, and when the few surviving smokers who have escaped from a premature grave will be pointed at like the last wearers of Hessian boots, pigtailed, or full-bottomed wigs. We confess that we were ignorant of these lofty aspirations till our attention was called to the nature of the Society by the judicious proceedings above described. We then discovered that it was represented by a special organ, known as the *Anti-Tobacco Journal*, which has already reached its seventh volume without, so far as we know, materially affecting the state of public opinion. The contents of this charming periodical are designed to chill the smoker's blood. The only number which we have dared to read opens with a battery of sixty objections against tobacco. "Tobacco," it begins, "is a main upholder of slavery in the United States of America." This is a trifle, comparatively speaking. "Tobacco harms the gums and teeth, and the grinders cease because they are few"—a sentiment which, from its semi-scriptural twang, is apparently meant as an addition to Solomon's proverbs. "Tobacco is at variance"—it is not said why—"with the dictates which Christianity inspires in the soul." "Tobacco robes the pulpit by circumscribing the qualifications of smoking ministers"—a remark the more terrible from its obscurity. "Tobacco-smoking is sottish, snuffing is snobbish, and chewing is hoggish." This last has perhaps the most epigrammatic point, but there are some fifty equally weighty aphorisms, the perusal of which will probably reduce the smoker's spirits to a fit state to encounter the more deliberate arguments of the journal. The solid part of this periodical refers to subjects whose nature may be inferred from such titles as "A Stubborn Minister Humbled," and "Three Hundred and Sixty-five Interviews with Smokers, Chewers, and Snuff-takers." The good taste and religious feeling with which they are written may be exemplified by the triumphant question put to the stubborn minister:—"Are faith, prayer, and the Spirit and the word of God become so sterile that, being cast aside, tobacco must supply their place?" The minister is, of course, brought down by this latter irreverent remark, and consents to refrain from smoking himself to death. Sneerers in real life seem to be tougher. The gentleman who describes the "three hundred and sixty-five interviews" complains that the boys, instead of giving a rational answer to his remarks, generally "amused themselves with insulting gibes." We don't wonder at it. The only consolation he received was from a man at a public-house. This gentleman, whose face "had the appearance of laceration from human nails, asked for a journal, but remonstrance was useless." If the remonstrance, as the grammar would imply, was directed against an unnatural appetite for the collection of trash called a journal, we regret that his friends should have scrupled to use the degree of constraint necessary.

A choice collection of facts intended to illustrate these opinions follows. A vice-president of the Society reports that he has seen a boy light a pipe with a piece of paper which he let fall down the area of a house, where it lay burning. The vice-president confesses that, being in a hurry to catch a train, he neither remonstrated with the boy nor informed a policeman of the horrid fact, but took the practical step of writing to the secretary of the Society to tell him that a pipe-light was burning, the day before, in the area of a house in Bath. The boy will doubtless be horrified at the discovery that an eye was fixed upon him which he little suspected at the time. An unfortunate old woman, aged eighty-nine, was accidentally burnt to death in Manchester, having apparently set herself on fire with her pipe. The judicious moralist is anxious to make the most of the cause of her burning, whilst he is rather taken aback by the mere mention of a smoker aged eighty-nine. He therefore adds the following comment, in which the uncharitable insinuation against the old woman's character is suggested simply by the fact of her having smoked a pipe:—"Much of the melancholy of this shocking event would be removed if evidence had been recorded that the deceased was prepared to meet 'God, the Judge of all.' Her living to so great an age argues nothing in favour of smokers, in the absence of information of the time at which she commenced."

The kind of rubbish we have quoted is familiar to any one who has examined tracts. It may be described as "the Washer-woman of Finchley Common" style. The pernicious part of the journal is that which expresses the evident intention of the worthy Society to attempt unfair means for spreading their doctrines. The essence of all tyranny is contained in such legislation as the Maine liquor law. A law against tobacco would fulfil the warmest aspirations of the Anti-Tobacco Society. They remark with grim satisfaction, on recording the sentence of a labourer for stealing cigars, that "two months in prison would do much good to tobacco slaves, of whom in the present day Legion is their name." This is a pithy, though ungrammatical, statement of their whole creed. It is again summed up in a notice at the end of the journal, headed, "Labourers for the Repression of Tobacco wanted." After suggesting, with much religious circumlocution, that the editor would like the co-operation of gentlemen with pecuniary means (the editor appears to be identical with the above-mentioned secretary to the Society), he ends in these words:—"The victims of tobacco have an extensive claim on the sympathy of those who have escaped its pernicious agency. 'The night cometh when no man can work.'—*Jesus Christ.*" It is our private conclusion, from reading this, that the secretary smokes himself.

We have certainly said enough of a rather disgusting subject—disgusting because the religious affectation adds a flavour of hypocrisy to what would be otherwise insipid folly. It is, in some respects, a cause of congratulation that there should be men in the world with the insensibility of a rhinoceros. The thorough-going bore, whose hide can be pierced by no ridicule, is sometimes a useful animal in his way. When by pure accident he is directed against some real evil, he may serve to take the edge off the weapons of its defenders. Where some one has to be a martyr, perhaps it is as well to put a fool foremost in the breach. He is too obtuse to suffer, and he may sometimes call attention to a subject by sheer force of importunity. Such men, of course, balance their occasional utility by habitually making themselves a chronic nuisance to all men of sense. So long, however, as they restrict themselves to the use of fair means, no one has a right to complain of their conduct. We are all destined to suffer many things in this world because of fools, and we should suffer them as quietly as may be. But when they go a step further they must be called to order. It is not likely, so long as the British nation has a proper appreciation of tobacco, that they will get up a serious agitation for restricting by law an innocent pleasure. But it does seem just on a level with their powers to get up a petty system of spies and informers, which will rise to the level of a small nuisance. Like Giant Pope, in *Pilgrim's Progress*, they can't do much more than gnash their teeth, though, unlike that decrepit giant, they have never been permitted by the good sense of mankind to enjoy even a period of power. If they do attempt to make themselves actively disagreeable, we hope that they may always receive an exposure as summary as that which they have found at the hands of Mr. Innes.

REVIEWS.

KAYE'S INDIAN MUTINY.*

CONTEMPORARY history must always be taken, in some measure, upon the word of the person who narrates it. The tests which are available in other cases are necessarily wanting in this one. The mere fact that the writer has undertaken the task probably implies that he has access to materials which are not within everybody's reach; and, as the correspondence of families and the journals of individuals rarely become public property in the lifetime of the generation to which they relate, the use which the historian makes of them must, at least for that period, be practically withdrawn from criticism. This system of privileged publication has its advantages for the world, which it puts in possession of much that would otherwise have been kept

* *A History of the Sepoy War in India, 1857-1858.* By John William Kaye. Vol. I. London: Allen & Co. 1864.

from it, as well as for the historian, whom it raises almost to the level of an original authority. But it throws on the latter the weight of a double responsibility. Where his researches lie among the contents of printed papers, or among documents which are open to the examination of every student, he has indeed to weigh the value of evidence, to choose between different authorities, and to estimate the relative importance of conflicting statements. But he has the consciousness—and to the honest historian it is a most satisfactory consciousness—that, whether his work be well or ill done, the result, such as it is, is open to the day. If he is charged with making an unfair use of his materials, he can challenge his accusers to point out where the blot lies. When, on the other hand, he is dealing with private manuscripts, there is no room for this kind of certainty. All that he says must be taken on trust—his premises as well as his conclusions; not only what he infers from their contents, but what he states their contents to be; and on this point, though his testimony is the best evidence at present to be had, it is not the best absolutely. And consequently, however accurate his narrative may be in reality, the establishment of its accuracy is a matter which must be left to the future. When Mr. Kaye informs his readers that recorded official documents have rather afforded the means of verifying or correcting statements received from other sources than supplied him with original materials, he necessarily exposes himself to the disadvantage of this postponed judgment; but, so far as any conclusion as to the accuracy of a narrative can be deduced from its general tone and temper, he has no reason to fear the ultimate result of such a process. He makes no pretence of having approached the subject without any preconceived opinions upon it; he only claims for himself the power of recognising "worthy motives and benevolent designs and generous strivings after good in those whose ways he may think erroneous, and whose course of action he may deem unwise":—

Indeed [he goes on] the errors of which I have freely spoken were for the most part strivings after good. It was in the over-eager pursuit of humanity and civilization that Indian statesmen of the new school were betrayed into the excesses which have been so grievously visited upon the nation. It was the vehement self-assertion of the Englishman that produced the conflagration; it was the same vehement self-assertion that enabled him, by God's blessing, to trample it out. If I have any predominant theory it is this: because we were too English the great crisis arose; but it was only because we were English that, when it arose, it did not utterly overwhelm us.

More than half of this first volume of Mr. Kaye's work is devoted to a review of the political, military, and religious antecedents of the great struggle which he has undertaken to relate. Under the first of these heads he includes the conquest of the Punjab and of Pegu, the refusal to recognise the right of adoption by the native princes, the annexation of Oude, the depression of the native nobility, and the recent resumption on the part of the Government of lands to which no good documentary title could be shown. The first-named of these was only important by reason of its indirect influence on the army. The annexation of the Punjab was a process with the justice of which the native mind was little likely to find fault. "To be invaded and to be conquered is a state of things appreciable by the inhabitant of India"; he is "readily convinced by the inexorable logic of the sword." For the second time, the Sikhs had chosen to stake their kingdom on the issue of a war, and the great victory of Goojrat was the English answer to their challenge. The conquest of Pegu had even less influence on the people of India than the conquest of the Punjab. The latter was acquiesced in as an inevitable decree of fate; the former was regarded with a feeling of absolute indifference. Between Burmah and the continent of India rolled the "black water" of the Bay of Bengal, and "we might have sacked the cities of Ava and Amarapura, and caused their sovereign lord to be trodden to death by one of his own white elephants, without exciting half the interest engendered by a petty outbreak in Central India, or the capture of a small fort in Bundelkund." But indirectly these two conquests were productive of important consequences. The addition of a new province to the British Empire in India affected the position of the Sepoy in two ways. It imposed on him the duty of occupying the newly-acquired territory, and thereby kept him away from his home; and it reduced his service to the ordinary peace footing, and so deprived him of the extra pay which he had received while the war lasted. From his point of view, annexation meant prolonged absence, unpleasant duty, and reduced allowances. In this way, therefore, the conquest of the Punjab contributed an additional occasion of disaffection to those which it found existing. The conquest of Pegu brought with it a difficulty of another kind. The country had to be garrisoned, and the Bengal army was the most convenient source from which to draw troops for the purpose. But the dislike of the natives of India to crossing the sea is very hard to overcome, and out of the seventy-four regiments of Bengal native infantry only six were bound to do so by the terms on which they had enlisted. In 1856, three of these general service regiments were stationed in Pegu, and of these two would have to be relieved early in the following year. The other three regiments had only lately returned from the same part of the country, so that none of them would be available. To prevent the occurrence of such a dilemma for the future, the Indian Government issued the General Enlistment Order of July 1856, by which every native recruit was to be required "at the time of his enlistment to distinctly undertake to serve beyond the sea." Mr. Kaye points out in another part of the work how unluckily this change chimed in with other circumstances to arouse the religious susceptibilities of the Sepoys.

In comparison with a forcible conquest, the annexation to the British dominions of a few native principalities on the death of the native rulers without male issue may seem but an unimportant matter. If death without issue had conveyed the same idea to the Hindoo mind as it does to the English mind, it is very probable that no ill feeling would have been aroused by such a step. But, with the Hindoos, to adopt a son is as natural a method of continuing the family succession as to beget one; and as the hope of deliverance from the hell called Put, in which those whose mortuary sacrifices of bread and water are not duly offered are condemned to endless hunger and thirst, depends wholly upon leaving a son qualified to perform the duty, it may be conceived how cherished a doctrine this right of adoption has become. It is the only means by which a childless father can secure eternal beatitude. With the religious and personal side of the question the British Government had, of course, nothing to do. In default of offspring, it was open to every man, prince as well as subject, to adopt a son; and, so long as the provisions of Hindoo law were complied with, the legal consequences of such an act were entirely beyond the reach of question. But if the father was a protected prince, it necessarily fell to the British Government to decide whether an adopted son should be recognised as his successor. In the eyes of Englishmen, such a claim might seem wholly destitute of any foundation in reason, but it was only natural that the Hindoo, accustomed to see adoption admitted as conferring a paramount title to succession in the case of private property, should be unable to understand the justice of exempting titular sovereignties from the operation of the general rule: —

Whether in this case Hindooism is satisfied by the private adoption, and the penalties of the sonless state averted, is a question for the pundits to determine; but no titular chief thinks the adoption complete unless he can thereby transmit his name, his dignities, his rights and privileges to his successor, and it can in nowise be said that the son takes the place of his adoptive father if he does not inherit the most cherished parts of that father's possessions.

For the native feeling on this subject Lord Dalhousie had little regard. Whether Mr. Kaye's analysis of the character of this great statesman is a correct one may, we think, be doubted. It is very hard to believe that a man who combined with "an impetuous and despotic nature, not submitting to control and resenting opposition," a singular power of calling forth the most devoted attachment from those who served under him, could have been as destitute of the imaginative faculty as Mr. Kaye represents. If he "could not feel with other men's hearts," whence did he derive his capacity of making other men's hearts feel with his? But he does seem to have been unable to comprehend or sympathize with the Oriental character. "He could not understand the tenacity of affection with which the natives clung to their old traditions. He could not sympathize with the veneration which they felt for their ancient dynasties. He could not appreciate their fidelity to the time-honoured institutions and the immemorial usages of the land." He was rigidly just in his dealings with the native princes, untiring in his devotion to what he considered the true theory of native interests, and at the same time utterly uninfluenced by any regard for native sentiment. "Where the right to territory by lapse is clear," he wrote in his minute on the annexation of Sattarah, "the Government is bound to extend to that territory the benefits of our sovereignty, present and prospective;" and on this principle he acted in the case of Nagpore, of Jhansi, and other smaller States. The right of adoption was deprived of all political consequences, and on the failure of natural heirs the territory was incorporated with the dominions of the paramount State. One case there was which will always deserve especial mention, from its connexion with subsequent events. At the close of the second Mahratta war, the Peishwah had surrendered his dominions to the British Government, and had received in their stead a large annual pension. He lived on until 1851, and on his death his adopted son presented a memorial to the East India Company, praying them to continue the payment, and quoting numerous instances in which the pension of an ex-sovereign had been continued to his descendants. If the claimant had been the natural issue of the Peishwah, he might have met with better success; as it was, the application was rejected as "wholly inadmissible." Perhaps, as it turned out, there was but little real economy in a step which transformed the Nana Sahib from an indolent pensioner of the Company to an active and vindictive enemy of British rule in India.

The annexation of Oude was probably less intelligible to the native mind than any previous measure of a similar kind. Conquest Hindoos and Mahomedans had alike experienced, and could alike understand, lapse had at least the excuse of an alleged failure of heirs. But the King of Oude was deprived of his dominions simply because he insisted on misgoverning them, and few Orientals could comprehend why so unimportant a fact as this should induce the English to dethrone a faithful ally. Though the annexation of Oude was prompted, more than any other similar measure, by a regard for the interests of the governed, it was certainly the one which was most of all set down to a more greedy desire for extension of territory. It has always seemed to us most unfortunate that Lord Dalhousie's proposal was not adopted, of giving the King of Oude the option of assenting to our terms or of having the British Resident recalled and the British troops withdrawn. That this was not done was owing to a benevolent fear that, if the check of British protection were removed, there would be nothing to mitigate the tyranny of the native ruler. In all probability, however, the very anticipation of the evil would have worked its cure, the British troops would have been recalled by an almost

bloodless revolution, and the sovereignty of Oude have passed into the hands of the Company through the simple process of the King's dethronement by the hands of his own subjects.

The extinction of so many native States exercised a very injurious influence on the position of the native aristocracy, for whose energies they had provided an outlet which was denied to them under British rule. In this respect a great change had for some time been coming over English policy in India. It was assumed, and no doubt in many cases assumed quite justly, that the upper classes were utterly worthless, and that the "obliteration of the aristocracy of the land was the greatest benefit that could be conferred on the people." The typical instance of this latter process was the settlement of the North-west Provinces. In carrying out this celebrated arrangement, the Government had to deal with two classes of interests in the land. The village communities for the most part had the zemindaree or proprietary right in the soil; the talookhdar had the right to receive the rents paid by the occupant, out of which he had to satisfy the claims of the Government. Thus his position was that of an "hereditary revenue contractor," while his property was "the rent, *minus* the revenue, of a particular estate." Questionable as their position might be in regard to its origin, "these talookhdars constituted the landed aristocracy of the country; they had recognised manorial rights; they had in many instances all the dignity and power of great feudal barons." But

The theory of the settlement officers was that the talookhdar was little better than an upstart and an impostor. All the defects in his tenure were rigidly scanned; all the vices of his character were violently exaggerated. To oust a talookhdar was held by some young settlement officers to be as great an achievement as to shoot a tiger; and it was done, too, with just as clear a conviction of the benefit conferred upon the district in which the animal roared and marauded.

There were not wanting Indian statesmen of the old school who predicted even then that the separation of interests between the peasantry and the native nobility which it was hoped to effect by this policy would not be brought about, and that, in the event of an insurrection, we should "find these talookhdars in the adverse ranks, and their ryots and retainers ranged under the same standard." Another step in the same levelling direction was the resumption of the rent-free tenures which had been registered at the time of the Permanent Settlement at Bengal in 1793, and enjoyed uninterruptedly since that date. When the title to these lands came to be questioned more than forty years afterwards, the native owners had seldom any good documentary evidence to bring forward in defence of it. Sometimes such evidence had been destroyed; oftener, perhaps, it had never existed. "It was an awful thing, after so many years of undisturbed possession, to be called upon to establish proofs, when the only proof was actual incumbency." In that land of custom, possession gave a stronger title than it does in England, while, at the same time, its claim was far less regarded by a zealous young revenue officer than it would have been by a common law judge at Westminster. In the Presidency of Bombay, where a similar examination was instituted in 1852, the titles of no less than thirty-five thousand estates, great and small, were called for by the Imam Commission, and during the first five years of its operations three-fifths of them were confiscated. Putting aside altogether the much disputed question of the policy and justice of these measures, they obviously added largely to the floating elements of discontent. In the words of Lord Bacon, which Mr. Kaye prefixes to his work, "It is certain, so many overthrown estates, so many votes for troubles." We have not left ourselves any space to notice Mr. Kaye's account of the religious, social, and military changes which so greatly altered the position of the English in India, nor can we touch upon his narrative of the opening incidents of the mutiny. On these subjects we must leave the reader to consult the work itself. We can only say that we know of no one book from which he will gain, with pleasure to himself, so much information on the thorny subject of Indian policy and government.

THE EARLY FRENCH DRAMA.*

IN addition to many wars on more serious matters, there was long a fierce conflict between Frenchmen and Englishmen about the respective merits of their and our dramatic literature. We, on our part, denounced the French drama as stiff, unnatural, prudish in its demeanour, and clogged with idle laws; they, on theirs, stigmatized us as island-barbarians with our "buffon de Shakespeare." Some of Voltaire's sharpest arrows were shot at our great poet; Coleridge returned the volley by tirades against Corneille and Racine, and paid our neighbours the (to them) sinister compliment of imputing English blood, on one side at least, to Molière. The abuse of Voltaire was the more extravagant and acrimonious, for it was instigated by personal spite; yet Coleridge's prejudices were nearly as unjust, for they were founded upon ignorance of the subject, and were aggravated, if not prompted, by national dialike. Each of the belligerent parties had an ample buckler to present to the shafts of his adversary. The tragedies and histories of Shakespeare are mighty enough to confound a legion of Voltaires; the *Cid*, the *Horaces*, *Phédre*, and *Athalie* are trophies which Coleridge and his German prompters or allies will never blemish or remove. About the respective merits of French and English comedy, indeed, there has been only a little skirmishing. Schlegel dared to call the French Aristophanes a *farceur*, but he

* *Histoire Anecdotique de l'Ancien Théâtre en France*. Par A. du Casse. 2 tomes. Paris: Dentu. 1864.

was probably singular in his opinion. The *Essays on Dramatic Literature* may be forgotten, but there must be revolutions of taste more complete and appalling than any that have as yet engulfed kingdoms before the *Tartuffe* is, in the judgment of any sane critic, lowered to the rank of farces. The dramatic quarrel, indeed, between France and England, if traced to its source, is an old one with a new face. It was fought at Athens more than two thousand years ago, and the feelings which then instigated it were revived in the seventeenth century. Even now we are too apt to scan Euripides through Aristophanic spectacles, without asking ourselves whether banter and sarcasm are good evidence in the court of criticism, and forgetting also that, if "sad Electra's poet" composed many bad or moderate plays, he has the ill luck to have had them preserved, while the inferior work of his rivals has disappeared. Laugh as we may at the rough handling of Euripides in the *Acharnians* and the *Frogs*, there yet remain the two *Iphigenias*, *Medea*, the *Bacchanals*, and perhaps the *Rhesus*, to establish his claim to the third place in the great Attic triad. France, in the present generation, has made large amends to England for her earlier sins against Shakespeare and our drama. She began with tolerating—she has warmed into genuine, if not always judicious, admiration of the English stage. We too, on our side, have made some proper, if tardy, concessions to the genius and art of Corneille and Racine, and can now endure to be told that all is not barren from Dan to Beersheba in French tragedy. It would be difficult, indeed, for any one who has seen Rachel in *Phèdre* or the *Horaces* to remain unconvinced.

M. A. du Casse's *Histoire Anecdotique* is a concise and agreeable record of the French Theatre from its earliest productions in the fifteenth century to the reign of Louis XVI. He tells us, in a preface "brief as the posy on a ring," that his work is partly new, partly old; and says that, if those who read it are as well pleased as he has been in composing it, both parties will meet and part well satisfied. His volumes, like all histories of dramatic compositions, open with the sacred, and close with the profane drama—in this case with the *Mystères de la Passion* enacted at Saint Maur in 1402 at the one end, and with the *Barbier de Séville* performed in 1774, at the other. From the first, the Gallic Church looked suspiciously on plays and actors, as questionable yoke-fellows; and had it been prophetic as well as infallible, the dramatic Hercules would assuredly have been strangled in his cradle.

Mysteries and moralities, although they assume the native complexion and character of the people to whom they are presented, do not materially differ from one another whether they are composed by French or English, Spanish or German, poets. To more civilized or more sophisticated ages such representations appear rude, ludicrous, and even profane; but the original audience came to them with the faith of children, and, where we are scandalized, they were edified. Under unsightly garbs we detect in these firstlings of the stage genuine passion and humour—passion which afterwards ministered to *Polyeucte* and *Athalie*, humour that embodied itself in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* and *Le Malade Imaginaire*. Towards the end of the sixteenth century, the religious drama began to pall upon the public taste, and it was necessary to affix to these performances *farces*, in the modern sense of the term, and *soties*, short pieces of a similar kind; the only difference between them being that, of the two, the latter were the more remarkable for their gross indecency. Among the former, the *Avocat Pathelin* enjoys and deserves a proud pre-eminence. For humour and plot it would not have done discredit to Molière. Its original author was Villon, but it was recast about sixty years after his death by Brueys, and can still be read with pleasure, and might still be acted with applause.

As in England, so in France, the plots which had proved attractive to Greek and Roman spectators were revived and adapted to the modern stage. "Seneca was not too heavy," nor Euripides too refined, for Parisian taste in the latter half of the sixteenth century; even the chorus was retained. Jodelle, under the august patronage of Henry II. and Charles IX., produced, in 1552, his *Cleopatra*, and received five hundred crowns—an unusual and princely *honorarium* at the time—in token of the royal satisfaction with his tragedy. *Cleopatra* was followed by the *Death of Dido*, which was equally successful. His triumphs, however, brought the author into trouble. At the Carnival celebrated at Auteuil, the friends of Jodelle, the poet Ronsard among them, be思ththemselves of sacrificing a goat, after the manner of the ancients, to the popular dramatist. The Church looked grave. If such Pagan doings were to be encouraged, Apollo and Bacchus might come again into fashion, and St. Denys and other luminaries of the calendar go out of it. Jodelle and his indiscreet friends had much ado, and something to pay, in order that a worse thing might not befall them. The choice of such classic subjects as Dido and Cleopatra shows that plays on the themes of Esther, Judith, Susanna, David, "combattant, fugitif et triomphant," no longer attracted either the Court or the citizens. Mysteries and moralities, indeed, still went down among the rural population, but they divided their coarse plaudits with puppet-shows, and were altogether banished from polite society.

Among many curious anecdotes connected with French farces, one relating to Richelieu is worth remembering. The Cardinal was fond of theatrical entertainments, and himself aspired, not very happily indeed, to rank among dramatic authors. But he inclined to the gaieties more than to the gravities of the stage, and was, it seems, rather bored, as indeed he well might be, with the classical respectabilities performed by the company at the Hôtel de Bourgogne. Three worthy citizens rejoicing in the somewhat uncouth yet comical names of Garguille, Guillaume, and Turlupin, bakers'

boys by trade, took to writing and acting farces on temporary stages, and became quickly and immensely popular with street and wine-shop audiences. Richelieu, hearing of their performances, commanded them to play before him in the Palais Royal, then the Palais Cardinal. The regular comedians of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, finding their receipts lessened by these vagabonds, petitioned his Eminence to saddle them with an interdict, but his Eminence determined to judge for himself in this important case. The farce entitled *Turlupinade*, from Turlupin, one of the three histrionic bakers, was somewhat of the coarsest, yet it contained elements which neither Aristophanes nor Molière would have rejected. Guillaume went by the name of Gros-Guillaume, in virtue of his jolly plight. He was so corpulent as to require being hoisted in with two girths (*garroté par deux ceintures*), which made him look like a churn. In the *Turlupinade*, performed by his Eminence's "particular desire," Gros-Guillaume played the part of wife to Turlupin, and such of our readers as may have seen Mr. Paul Bedford in *Norma* may easily picture to themselves Gros-Guillaume's appearance in petticoats. Turlupin, from jealousy of his larger half, threatens to kill her with his sabre; but Madame awakens the best feelings of his nature by calling to his recollection the excellence of her soup. They are reconciled, and it is to be hoped lived happily afterwards, or so long, at least, as his appetite and her cookery lasted. "Risu solvuntur tabule." The Cardinal not only pronounced judgment in favour of Turlupin and Co., but insisted on their being engaged by the manager of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, "for," he said, "from your theatre, Sir, I always go home dull and dispirited, but I shall never do so again after this batch of bakers is enrolled in your troupe."

We cannot pretend to follow M. du Casse through his long list of authors and actors once famous, but now forgotten by all except theatrical antiquaries. In his pages, however, their names and plays have an interest, not merely on account of the anecdotes which accompany them, but because they are the steps to the platform of Corneille, Racine, and Molière. Scarron, indeed, must not be passed over in silence, since, although his wit was for the hour only, and his comedies, or rather farces, are execrable, he nevertheless held a torch to Molière, and his *Roman Comique* affords a picture of strolling-players' life scarcely inferior in some of its chapters to Mr. Dickens's immortal portrait of Vincent, Mrs., and the Master Crummles. *La Veuve Scarron*, it is well known, took, after she had achieved greatness, a very serious view of the stage; she probably had enough of farces during her first coverture, and we accordingly owe to Madame de Maintenon's suggestion, or perhaps command, *Esther* and *Athalie*.

Paris was long, and perhaps always will be, divided in its judgment of the merits of Corneille and Racine. It was fortunate for Racine to have been born a Frenchman, since the strict rules to which dramatic composition in France was subjected accorded with, and did not cripple, his genius. He was one of the few who can dance gracefully in fetters, and the tragedy (*Bajazet*) in which he partly discarded them, and approached the border of the romantic drama, is not one of his happier productions. But Corneille was not so fortunate in his birth-land. He achieved greatness, but he would have been more great had he been, in the seventeenth century—a grand dramatic era in either country—a Spaniard or an Englishman. To Racine the rules of Aristotle, or rather the rules imputed to him, were wholesome as supports. His genius was rather lyric than dramatic, and he needed stout barriers to hold him within the dramatic course. To Corneille such laws were hindrances, curbing his natural force or twisting it into violent and eccentric forms of development. He was a forest-tree; Racine was an espalier. He was a Gulliver bound by Lilliputian cords; while his great rival was an athlete needing strict diet and discipline to brace him for the arena. Corneille was a Norman, argumentative, proud, peremptory, and melancholy by temperament. He was educated by the Jesuits, and, after being steeped by his tutors in classic lore, he studied many years for the Bar, where his logical powers and his command of language might have raised him to a high rank but for two impediments—an impediment in speech, and a cross in love. He loved well, but the lady of his choice perhaps loved more wisely, for while he was waiting for briefs she married a wealthy suitor, and Corneille bade farewell to Cujacius and the Coutumes de Normandie, and bent his energy to dramatic composition. Once a writer for the theatre, he became absorbed in the pursuit. He could talk of nothing but his own works, and when he did not talk of them he was devoured by melancholy. Racine took life more easily. He rarely spoke of his plays, affecting to consider them as mere accomplishments; he laid himself out to please and to be pleased, as a courtier or a gentleman at large, prized a smile or a compliment from the Grand Monarque beyond the plaudits of pit or boxes, wrote letters worthy of the "Polite Correspondent," and was elated at being appointed Historiographer Royal; and when sated of such ephemeral pleasures, he turned again to the theological studies of his boyhood, and reluctantly ceased from inditing pious *chansons* to win an amaranthine wreath by his sacred dramas.

Of Molière M. du Casse is an excellent critic, and gives an admirable account. Of Voltaire as a dramatic poet he writes more favourably than perhaps English or German readers will approve; yet some allowance must be made for national prejudices, as well as for the fact that Voltaire wrote *de omni re scibili* as well as for the theatre. To have been the author of *Zaire*, however, is sufficient proof that, had he concentrated his powers on dramatic composition, he might have been at least the Euripides of France.

His dramatic tastes and tendencies are expressed in the estimate he formed of the *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* of the French stage. Corneille he commented upon, deplored his freedom, and occasionally used him for his mirth and laughter; but when requested to write critical notes on Racine, he replied, "Compose an essay on Racine! why all that I need to do would be to write at the bottom of each page, 'Beautiful, perfect, harmonious, sublime!'" Around the names of Corneille and Racine M. du Casse has properly set, as in a wreath of satellites, those of their school and imitators. But we cannot here attempt the merest sketch of the history of *l'Ancien Théâtre de France*. Both the school and its masters are illustrated by anecdotes which fully justify the title of *Histoire Anecdotique*. In reading these instructive and entertaining volumes we are struck with the difference between the position of dramatic authors at similar periods in France and in England. The disadvantages are on the French side. We, after the Restoration, in some sort copied those disadvantages, and thence followed the decline and corruption of the English stage in the latter half of the seventeenth, and during the first half of the eighteenth, century. Queen Elizabeth (*pace* M. Victor Hugo) did encourage Shakespeare, and King James and King Charles were strenuous patrons of stage poets. But neither of Elizabeth nor of her two successors could it in any sense be said, *L'état c'est moi*. Shakespeare paid tribute to the "groundlings" no less than to the Court; Shakespeare's contemporaries, though they dedicated their plays to my Lord this and my Lord that, desired the applause of pit and gallery. But in France, or rather in Paris, the play and the sermon—

Facies non omnibus una,
Sed diversa tamen, qualis decet esse sororum—

were addressed to the royal box or the royal pew. Hence, while the English drama, like the Athenian, had its court of appeal in the suffrages of the many, the French drama was in great measure enslaved to the voice of the few, and sometimes to Caesar's alone. M. du Casse affords many instances of applause withheld from Molière because Louis XIV. did not move a muscle at the first representation, while he stamped success on a comedy (*Tartuffe*, for example) by most royal laughter at the second. The merits of M. du Casse's volumes cause us to repine at the want of a similar record of the English drama—a want which is certainly not supplied by the work of such a writer as Dr. Doran on *Her Majesty's Servants*.

A revolution for the theatre as important as any that convulsed France is marked by the transition from the *Mystères de la Passion* to the *Barbier de Séville*. The drama which began with the most solemn mysteries of religion closes, in these volumes, with one of those light productions which endanger hierarchies and monarchies alike. The words of Beaumarchais should be inscribed in the halls of kings—"none but little men are afraid of little books." It is when little men and little measures have made themselves dangerous by corruption, sloth, and profligacy, that little books become formidable.

A VADE-MECUM FOR SERVANTS.*

A GUIDE-BOOK has recently been published for the servants' hall, professing to lead every domestic servant, from the butler down to the laundry-maid, safely through the intricacies of his or her special department. At the same time, the writer does not neglect the moral intricacies to which domestics are exposed, and the young man is shown wherewithal he shall cleanse his ways, as well as how to clean shoes and boot-tops. "The recompence of duty is of all rewards the most endearing," and to be appreciated and esteemed by their superiors ought to form the chief aim of all well-regulated minds. A man must have drunk very deeply of the intoxicating waters of Social Science who can believe that the airy recompence of being appreciated is nearly so "endearing" as the prospect of a corner public-house or a shop in the greengrocery and small coals line. The author of our manual takes the rose-coloured view of the relations between master and servant to which a late illustrious amateur in philanthropy gave expression in one of his addresses. "Whose heart would fail to sympathize," he exclaimed, "with those who minister to us in all the wants of daily life; attend us in sickness, receive us on our first appearance in this world, and even extend their care to our mortal remains; who live under our roof, form our household, and are a part of our family!" But this is only one way of putting the case, and it is the way which least represents the true aspect of things. The very true vignette of Covent Garden Market prefixed to the volume before us does not more completely keep out of sight the squalor and ruffianism which are so prominent in the original picture, than this talk about mutual sympathies and ministerings conceals the plain and often repulsive features of domestic service. The magnificent beings who figure in the brilliantly-coloured cartoons of the dealer in rags and bones, and who are said in the legend below to be on the high road to opulence through an economical disposition of dripping and cinders, perhaps serve to allure sellers of those commodities. The announcement that you can have the best dinner in London, with six courses, for ninepence-halfpenny, sounds pleasant in the ears of the thrifty or penurious man, until the six courses themselves have puzzled his eyes, stunk in his nostrils, and revolted his palate. And it is nice enough to think of a servant who gently ministers to all your wants in daily life, and with whose tastes and aspirations you can benevolently sympathize. But, practi-

cally, it is rather difficult to sympathize with the gentle minister who systematically perpetrates a wanton waste of your goods; who daily vexes your soul with unpunctuality, irregularity, and the slovenly performance of the simplest duties; and who, in short, persistently wages a desultory guerrilla warfare both with yourself in the parlour and all his brethren and sisters in the kitchen. It is just possible that dripping and ashes may pay for blue velvet dresses and bright yellow bonnets, and there are countries where ninepence-halfpenny may suffice to buy a royal banquet. So there are domestic servants, especially in remote country districts, who occasionally consult their masters' wishes and interests; but it is slightly chimerical to treat a few virtuous and enlightened Pamela's or Joseph Andrewases as if they represented fairly the whole class. It is all very well for servants to "extend their cares to our mortal remains." The thing to be complained of is that they defer their cares so long. If they would be good enough to pay a little more attention to the wants and wishes of their living employers, it would be much more satisfactory.

It may be fairly questioned whether a vade-mecum for servants is likely to be of much use to the class for which it is written. The only "hired helps" who would deign to read a book on the mysteries of their art are those who have already learnt most of what it is needful for them to know. The comfort of an establishment, if very large, depends upon the housekeeper and butler; and if on the ordinary scale of middle-class life, then upon the mistress of the house. In either case, it is the superintending and directing mind which makes the difference between a household where everything is slovenly, irregular, and generally wretched, and one where both inmates and guests feel themselves surrounded by an impalpable and invisible aether of order and comfort. In spite of the endearing recompense of duty, it is not in nature that servants should give up their whole thoughts to the exclusive business of their masters and mistresses, and every writer of a manual seems to presume on a zeal and singleness of eye in his readers which is very far from being real. There is, we believe, a manual for playing the drum; and the writer boldly warns off all rash or flippant disciples who are not prepared to submit to seven years of patient practice, and who do not possess, to start with, as much decision of character, as much prompt vigour in seizing the fleeting opportunity, as is demanded in a general or a statesman. The authors of books like the *Domestic Service Guide* are not less exacting. One feels inclined to quarrel with fortune for placing us in a sphere where there is no room for practising the lofty virtues which are set down as essential to the ideal valet or the ideal lady's-maid. Just as the perfect drummer requires the clear head and iron nerve of a Wellington, so the perfect lady's-maid is the product of the philosophy of a Plato and the breeding of a Brummell. A sincere and fervent piety, a habit of maintaining reserve and silence even in trifles, and a careful cultivation of the mind, are only second in importance to distinct views on the great questions whether short curly are more becoming than long ones, and whether bands are preferable to curls of any kind. "Self-control should be the starting-point" of this glorious career; and to rule the spirit is nearly as momentous as to know the differences between safe and dangerous modes of removing freckles or washing lace. And it would be hard to find a better discipline than the proper performance of the duties of the valet. Half the small miseries of life flow from tattling tongues. If we had all been valets for a few years we should have learnt that it is the most gratifying and sacred of duties to enjoy, without abuse, the confidence of a superior who cannot prevent us from discovering little matters about himself which he could scarcely desire to have generally known. The "Gentleman's gentleman" is a prince among domestics. "Self-possession and ease of manners are great recommendations; and though life and society are much changed since Lord Chesterfield wrote, a valet will do well to read the letters of that polished nobleman to his son." He will also find a never-failing source of pleasure in devoting his leisure time to mental improvement, and "instead of reading mere books of amusement, he is recommended to history and biography popularly written, and to what are called serious books—that is, works calculated to make him a better and a wiser man." As Chesterfield's Letters will give him easy manners, so the *Peacock and Baronetage*, and the *Landed Gentry of Great Britain and Ireland*, to be seen in every well-appointed mansion, will supply him with an ample fund of history and biography, and are particularly valuable because "they will add to his knowledge of the classes with whom his duty brings him into communication." A careful perusal of any letters which he might find lying about would be even more efficacious as a means of procuring this kind of knowledge. The thorough study of Chesterfield and De Brett and Burke will enable him, "when he falls into the 'sere and yellow leaf,' to enjoy reflection on what he has read and seen, and to contemplate with serenity the future." It is at first sight hard to see how that famous work, which has been said to teach the manners of a dancing-master and the morals of a social evil, can either make a better or a wiser valet, or fit him for the serene contemplation of the state of the blessed in the next world; and only a very enthusiastic admirer of Belgravian ways can suppose that the two favourite works in every well-appointed mansion are a suitable preparation for mansions in the sky. It is a great comfort, however, to find that the cook is not expected to prepare herself for a calm contemplation of the future, or to practise any virtue whatever except punctuality and cleanliness. A valet even might easily carry his eagerness for knowledge a great deal too far. One would very much prefer being

shaved by a man who was not perplexing himself at the moment as to the particular branch of one of Debrett's families to which his patient belonged, or reflecting how Lord Chesterfield would have directed his son to handle a razor in one hand, and another person's nose in the other, with mingled dignity and elegance. But in spite of the moral heights which it is the valet's duty and privilege to scale, the practical householder will recognise the transcendent importance of the cook over every other member of the confederation below stairs. The writer of the manual seems to have been conscious of this, for he leaves the cook to find moral precepts elsewhere, or else go without morals altogether. However, cleanliness is next to godliness, and the injunctions on the former point are a very satisfactory substitute for a royal and easy road to the latter. According to one writer, "the finger of a good cook should alternate perpetually between the stewpan and his mouth, and it is only thus, in tasting his ragouts every moment, that he can hit upon the precise medium." This may be a sound precept, but it is certainly one of those things which, if necessary, ought still to be kept as much out of sight as possible. In Swift's witty but extremely gross *Directions to Servants* there is some advice to the cook which modern fastidiousness would scarcely like to see quoted, but part of it is presentable, and to the point:—

Never make use of a spoon [he says] in anything that you can do with your hands, for fear of wearing out your master's plate; you are to look upon the kitchen as your dressing-room, but you are not to wash your hands till you have spitted your meat, trussed your fowl, picked your salad, not indeed till after you have sent up your second course; for your hands will be ten times fouler with the many things you are forced to handle, but when your work is over one washing will serve for all.

It is to be feared that most cooks and servants act as if Swift's directions were meant to be taken literally, and a favourite maxim in the kitchen is that what the eye does not see the heart does not grieve at. "If a lump of soot falls into the soup and you cannot conveniently get it out," enjoins Swift, "stir it well and it will give the soup a high French taste," and it is well to "let a red-hot coal now and then fall into the dripping-pan, that the smoke of the dripping may ascend and give the meat a high taste." The compiler of the *Domestic Service Guide* seems not to have read Swift's instructions, for he refers to them as if their monitions were serious. Unpunctuality, which, after sluttish habits, is the most odious fault a cook can have, was as common in Swift's time as it unfortunately is in our own. "When you find that you cannot get dinner ready at the time appointed, put the clock back and then it may be ready to a minute." Even in this respect, the shortcoming of the cook is very frequently the fault of her master. By vigour and determination and perseverance, you can generally in course of time train servants to have the great meal of the day ready at the precise moment appointed; but it is doubtless the most difficult, as it is the most splendid, of domestic achievements. But it demands the fanaticism of the compiler of a manual to admire the hospitable gentleman who "ordered his dinner to be placed on the table exactly two minutes before five o'clock, and no guest was admitted after that hour; he was such a determined supporter of punctuality that when his clock struck five, his porter locked the door and laid the key at the head of the dinner-table." Anybody who now-a-days conducted his hospitality on these rigid principles would soon find that his circle had become too select to be very agreeable. The horrors of life, in an age of railway travelling, are quite ample enough without further aggravations; and if to the daily anxiety about missing trains there is to be added a still more pungent anxiety about missing one's dinner, existence will indeed become a burden.

The comfort of the majority of households is susceptible of indefinite increase, but the increase will have to begin with the strength of mind of the master rather than the gratuitous goodwill of the servant. A vade-mecum for the heads of the house would be much more useful than one for its subordinates, for everybody knows a great many people who have no more skill in directing the ordinary course of internal affairs than the most idiotic of footmen or slovenliest of housemaids. And if ever such a manual is composed, the writer will do well to leave religion and morality and mental culture for a more convenient occasion. It is all very well for advertisers in the *Record* to ask for cooks of sound evangelical principles, and truly converted scullions. The most fervent piety in a servant is quite compatible with uncommonly dirty and unpunctual habits, just as the mechanical devotions of a master are no preventives against gross unreasonableness and impatience. As Samuel Johnson's wife said to him on one occasion, with reference to grace before dinner, "What on earth is the good of thanking God for an excellent and abounding repast which you know very well you will in five minutes denounce as filthy and uncleanable?"

THE TEUTONIC NAME-SYSTEM.*

MR. FERGUSON has here got together the results of a good deal of research, which are rendered nearly useless by a confused arrangement and by a one-sided attachment to a theory. Like many other theorists, he has got hold of half a truth. It is undoubtedly true that we must go to old Teutonic roots for nearly all the nomenclature of Germany, for by far the greater part of the nomenclature of England, and for a considerable

element even in that of France. But it does not do to put out of sight that other elements exist in all three countries, and it does not do to approach the Teutonic element itself in the reckless sort of way in which Mr. Ferguson does. A bare possibility is with him a probability; a bare probability is with him a certainty. Where there is the remotest chance of a name being brought within his system, he catches eagerly at it, though there may be chances the other way far more numerous and far stronger. Again, he seems to have no idea of the importance of chronology, no idea of what may be called the pedigree of words and names. If a name can anyhow be brought under one of his heads, it is of no consequence whether it is directly or indirectly derived from the parent stock. It does not do to take, as Mr. Ferguson does, names from the London and Paris Directories, and to begin to explain them directly by old Teutonic roots. So to do is mere guess-work; the intermediate centuries, with their intermediate forms, must be carefully gone through before any such explanation can be put forth with certainty. Mr. Ferguson tells us, for instance:—

There is a name in the directory, Siggs—it has no very distinguished sound, and its owner is but a worker in tin plate—yet it is older than the Sigimer, and the Segimund of Tacitus. Nibbs and Nobbs are not names which command respect, yet they are probably the parents of the Nibelungs renowned in German song—of the courtly Nevilles, and, according to a German writer, of the mighty Napoleon.

We do not at all deny that Siggs, as a surname, may really come from the old root *sige* or *sieg*, which we see in Sigimer, Sigmund, and many other names, Old-German and Old-English, so that Siggs may really mean "the conqueror." The chance that it is so is quite strong enough to put one on the scent; but, when we think of the way in which names are knocked about and worked together, and how very deceptive are all mere likenesses of sound or spelling, we cannot say that it is so certain as to justify us in affirming dogmatically that it is so. And if Siggs really has something to do with *Sige*, it is not at all likely that it comes directly from the root itself. It is much more likely that it is a diminutive form of Sigmund or of some other name formed from *Sige*—that Siggs, in short, is a name of the same class as Wills and Gibbs. For we assume that nobody except Mr. Ferguson ever doubted that Gibbs came from Gilbert (Gislebert) and not from the root *geben*, as Mr. Ferguson (p. 285) seems to think. Again Nibbs may have something to do with the Nibelungs, but a man must have gone mad over his theory before he can think that Neville and Noble (p. 151) have. Or again, none but a theorist would bring the Christian names Emily and Emmeline from the Amali, and add, "perhaps the Latin *Emilia* [sic] may intermix." Emily has doubtless got confounded with the German Amalia, but Emily is of course in itself simply *Æmilia*, while Emmeline is a diminutive of Emma. Mr. Ferguson's etymology does just rise, though not very much, above that of a female traveller in the Holy Land, who, remarking the Oriental custom of calling a woman after her son, "Mother of John," &c.—the Semitic prefix being of course *Am* or some dialectic form—asks whether this may not be the origin of names like Em-ma and Em-ily.

The truth is that the subject of surnames is a far more difficult one than that of Christian names, because while, in both cases, nothing satisfactory can be made out without investigating the history of each name, it is far easier to investigate the history of Christian names than of surnames. Most Christian names figure in general history, and it is not difficult, by the aid of documents and chronicles, to trace them from their earliest forms to their latest. This is what Miss Yonge has attempted, and has, on the whole, successfully done. The same may be done with equal ease with a few of the more prominent surnames, and with many more by dint of a little extra research. But these classes together make up only a very small proportion of the vast mass of current surnames. When you simply meet a name in a Directory, and have no further evidence as to the history of the family or of any other family bearing the same name, to guess at its derivation is most dangerous. Mr. Ferguson tells us, quite rightly, that the most obvious derivation of a name is not always the truest, and that names whose meaning seems plain to everybody often really come from sources which nobody would have thought of. But it is just as dangerous to assume that the obvious derivation can never be the right one as that it must always be the right one. Again, names have such a tendency to be corrupted and confounded and mingled together that, of two families bearing the same name, it is an equal chance that the derivation which would be right in one case would be wrong in another. For instance, Mr. Ferguson supposes that names like Warrener, Warner, &c. have something to do with the ancient tribe of the Varini or Werna, and that Judkin and Judson and the like sort come from the Jutes. Now here one cannot doubt that the Warrener (contracted Warner) is simply the man who had the care of the warren, and the rare surnames Judkin and Judson come from the rare Christian name Jude. Warner and Judkin alike fall naturally into recognised classes of names, and Mr. Ferguson's attempt to connect them with Werna and Jutes is utterly far-fetched and improbable. At the very outside, names like Warner and Judkin are not likely to be older than the fourteenth century, and by that time Werna and Jutes were utterly forgotten. So, again, the French Loysel is obviously the same as our Bird, and it is far-fetched and improbable to connect it with the root *lezen* or *lesen*. It is just possible that, when the name Loysel already existed in the sense of Bird, some other name of different origin may have

* *The Teutonic Name-System applied to the Family Names of France, England, and Germany.* By Robert Ferguson. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

got confounded with it, so that one Loysel family may have had one origin and another family another. Still Loysel is primarily Bird, and nothing but Bird, while it does not seem (p. 353) to have come into Mr. Ferguson's head that it could be Bird at all. Mr. Ferguson, in short, through his whole book, never stops to think of the history, certain or probable, of any name, or of the age, place, and circumstances in which it was introduced, or was likely to be introduced. He never stops to weigh the chances of a name being a name of trade or office, a local name, or a patronymic. If he can anyhow connect it with any old Teutonic root, he at once rushes at it, despising all the considerations which sober scholars are accustomed to balance against one another.

We will give a few specimens of Mr. Ferguson's way of dealing with his roots:—

Of the same meaning I take to be *fil*, which Förstemann calls "a yet unexplained root, in which we can scarcely venture to think of *filis* (militus)." There does not appear to me to be any difficulty other than that which exists in the previous case. The Saxon form *ful* intermixes in a few instances.

SIMPLE FORMS.

Old Germ. *Filla*, 8th cent. English *Fill*, *Filley*, *File*, *Full*. Mod. Germ. *Full*. French *Phily*, *Fiala*, *Feuille*.

DIMINUTIVES.

Eng. *Fulleck*—French *Filoque*. Eng. *Filkin*.

PATRONYMICS.

Old German *Filing*. English *Filling*.

(*Baud*, *bot*, *pot*, messenger) Old German *Philiband*, 7th cent.—Eng. *Filpot*—French *Philipot*, *Philipoteaux*. (*Bert*, illustrious) Old German *Filibert*, 7th cent.—English *Filbert*—Mod. Germ. *Filbert*—French *Philibert*. (*Hard*, *fortis*) Eng. *Fullerd*—French *Filard*, *Feuillard*. (*Hari*, warrior) Eng. *Filer*, *Fillary*—Fr. *Philery*. (*Liub*, dear) Old Germ. *Fililub*, 9th cent.—Eng. *Fullalove*. (*Man*) Old Germ. *Filiman*, 9th cent.—English *Fileman*—Mod. German *Fielmann*—French *Fillemin*. (*Mar*, famous) Old German *Filomar*, 5th cent.—Eng. *Filmer*, *Phillimore*, *Fullmer*—Mod. Germ. *Filmer*. (*Dio*, *thew*, *thus*, servant) Old Germ. *Flethens*, king of the Ruggi, 5th cent.—English *Fildew*, *Feltow*, *Feltus*, *Felthouse*? *Fieldhouse*? (*Gar*, spear) English *Fullagar*.

Of many of these names we must decline attempting any explanation till we know more of times, places, and circumstances. But it is passing strange that Philpot (in its various forms and spellings) should have got here. Here is a case where the most obvious derivation is clearly wrong; Philpot has nothing whatever to do with filling of pots. The slightest etymological tact tells one that it is a French diminutive of Philip, one of a whole class like Wilmot, Charlott, and others. Mr. Ferguson oddly enough puts in a note—

Generally assumed to be a diminutive of Philip—which may be the case—the French having several similar forms, as Robertet and Henquet.

Elsewhere (p. 41) he makes Wilmot, the analogous form to Philpot, come from "Old High German *mōt*, mod. German *mut*, courage."

Here is another case:—

From the Ang.-Sax. *sōth*, true, Eng. "sooth," of which the Gothic form would be *sants*, and the Old High German *sand*, (though neither of these are preserved,) Förstemann derives the stem *sand*, *sants*. The Anglo-Saxon *sand*, messenger, seems a word which might intermix, and which indeed in some cases I have taken in preference. Förstemann includes also *sod* as a Saxon, and *sad* as a West Frankish and Lombard form.

SIMPLE FORMS.

Old German *Sando*, *Sadi*, 8th cent. English *Sandoe*, *Sandy*, *Sant*, *Santy*, *Sadd*, *Sodo*, *Soddy*. Mod. German *Sand*, *Sandt*. French *Sandeau*, *Santi*.

DIMINUTIVES.

Old German *Sanzo*, 9th cent.—English *Sans*, *Sands*, *Sandys*—Mod. Germ. *Santz*—French *Sance*, *Sandoz*. Eng. *Sandell*, *Santley*—French *Sanzel*, *French Sandillon*.

COMPOUNDS.

(*Hari*, warrior) Old German *Sanderi*, *Santher*, 8th cent.—Eng. *Sander*, *Santer*—Mod. Germ. *Sander*, *Santer*—French *Sandré*, *Santerre*. (*Man*) English *Sandman*. (*Ric*, power) Old Germ. *Sandrih*, 9th cent.—French *Santry*. (*War*, defence) English *Sandwer*. (*Ulf*, wolf) Old German *Sandolf*—Mod. Germ. *Sandhoff*.

PHONETIC ENDING.

Eng. *Sanden*, *Sodden*. Mod. Germ. *Sanden*.

PHONETIC INTRUSION OF *r*.

(*Hari*, warrior) Old Germ. *Sandrehar*, 8th cent.—French *Sandrier*.

Santerre may or not be from the obvious *sans terre*, but it surely does not do to dogmatize about its coming from a root *Sand*. To *Sander* Mr. Ferguson again adds a note:—

Most of the English writers and some of the German, as Pott, make *Sander* a contraction of Alexander.

Mr. Ferguson's book is printed at Carlisle; he himself bears a Scottish name; does he never cross the border? Surely every one knows that *Sander*, *Sandy*, &c., in a hundred different forms, is a contraction of Alexander as familiar as Willy and Billy are contractions of William. In these instances there is that sort of perversity which is only found in the class to which Mr. Ferguson's book clearly proclaims him to belong—that of clever, half-educated men, who have taken up one branch of one subject till their hobby has run away with them and left them unable to see more than one side of any question. Of course we by no means deny that Mr. Ferguson's collections contain many hints which may be of use to a sound scholar, but it is just the sort of book by which the unlearned and unstable are sure to be led astray.

A few violations of good taste are more indefensible still. Mr. Ferguson should at least have learned not to disfigure a book of this sort with sensation headings to the chapters. And nothing can be said for two such passages as the following:—

Another word of similar meaning is *tata* (Old Norse *teitr*, Old High Germ. *teiz*), which denotes, according to Mr. Kemble, "gentleness, kindness, and tenderness of disposition." Perhaps something of cheerfulness may enter into the sense, the Old Norse *teitr* being expressed by "hilaris." It was not unfrequent in Anglo-Saxon times, but seems to have been more especially common among the Northmen. There are rather an unusual number of churchmen with this name; thus, out of eleven Northmen called *Teitr* in the *Annales Islandie*, there are five—viz. one bishop, one prior, one deacon, and two priests. We might almost be disposed to think that it was sometimes a name of endearment bestowed upon a beloved pastor, to the superseding perhaps of his ordinary name.

SIMPLE FORMS.

Ang.-Sax. *Tata*, Minister—*Tata*, Presbyter—*Ethelberga*, "otherwise called *Tate*," daughter of Ethelbert, King of Kent—*Tate*, *Hatte* *Mss. Cott. Old Norse Teitr*. English *Tait*, *Tate*, *Tato*, *Teat*, *Tite*. French *Tête*, *Taté*.

Upon the whole then it will be seen that *Tait* is a very good name for a bishop. And there is a very good bishop for the name.

So again—

Here also, probably from Old Norse *sprakleg*, come in *Sprakleg*, brother of Sweyn, King of Denmark, Eng. *Spreckley*. Also perhaps Eng. *Spurge* and *Spurgeon*, the nearest form to which seems to be the Sansc. *spurj*, to spout, not a bad etymon, by the way, for the name of the well-known preacher.

CROWE AND CAVALCASELLE ON PAINTING IN ITALY.*

(Second Notice.)

HAVING briefly indicated, in a former paper, the singular course of Italian art during the comparatively obscure ten centuries of preparation, we may now trace the first period of development. This is chiefly, though not exclusively, the work of the School of Florence. Form, sentiment, and dramatic representation are the elements which were carried onward in that school—colour keeping a subordinate place, and awaiting its honours from Venice. If, after the manner of Dr. Whewell, we divide the course of art, as he does that of science, into periods of creative activity, each accompanied by a prelusive epoch and an epoch of deductive application, we might speak of the first great Florentine painter, Cimabue, as the prelude to Giotto. Born, in 1240, of respectable parentage, he was led by innate taste to painting. "Surrounded by examples which are the evident groundwork of his style, for he did not issue beyond a certain measure from the rudeness of his age, he had no need of the Greek masters who are supposed to have taught him. It is sufficient to know that Vasari was right in affirming that Cimabue was the best painter of his time, and that he was the regenerator of the art of his country." Yet, in spite of this conviction—in spite, also, of the skill with which his probably extant labours have been sought out and described by the authors—Cimabue can hardly be said to be individually known to us, after the lapse of six centuries. He, still remains, what he was to Vasari, almost half a myth—as a sort of giant of the early days, whose work is carried in triumph, like the spoils of Corinth before Mummius, surrounded by the festive admiration of his fellow-citizens, and supposed to have left the track of its progress in the name preserved by the streets of Florence. This part of the legend, although revived in England by the graceful skill of Mr. Leighton in his celebrated "Procession of Cimabue," is discredited by fact. But the "Borgo Allegri" picture itself happily remains, and is unquestionably—until it shares the fate of the contents of the *Accademia* of Florence or Venice, and is restored into nothingness—one of the most precious things in art. What sort of work is this starting-point of modern religious painting, still hanging in Sta. Maria Novella?

In the face of the Madonna, the admiring beholder might praise the bold and melancholy expression; in the form of the infant, a certain freshness, animation, and natural proportion; in the group, affection but too rare at this period. He might sympathize with the sentiment in the attitudes of the angels, in the movement of the heads, and in the elegance with which the hair was wound round the cinctures, falling in locks on the neck. He would be justly struck by the energetic mien of some prophets; above all, he would have felt surprise at the comparative clearness and soft harmony of the colours. The less enthusiastic spectator of the present day will admit, but qualify, this praise. In truth, a certain loss of balance is caused by the overweight of the head in the Virgin, as compared with the slightness of the frame. The features were the old ones of the thirteenth century, only softened, as regards the expression of the eye, by an exaggeration of elliptical form in the iris, and closeness of the curves of the lids. The nose still starts from a protuberant root, is still depressed at the end; and the mouth and chin are still small and prim. In the Saviour, the same coarse nose will be found united to a half-open mouth and large round eyes, and the features will be considered less infantile than masculine and square. The hands of both Virgin and Child will attract attention by the thinness and length of the fingers, their wide separation as they start from the palm, and by joints which have something of the lay figure, whilst the feet are similarly defective. In the angels, the absence of all true notions of composition may be considered striking. Their frames will appear slight for the heads, yet their movements more natural and pleasing than hitherto. From the date of this altar-piece, the pre-eminence of the Florentine school begins to develop itself; expands later, in the person of Giotto, to reunite in Ghirlandaio all the branches of its progress; and finally, to culminate in the greatness of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci.

A most interesting account of the great monumental church—or rather churches, one being placed over the other—at Assisi, follows. It is an excellent specimen of the way in which the united authors bring close research into fact, and able judgment of art, to throw vivid light upon some dim and faded chapter of human activity. This description of the singular old sanctuary—one of the most mediæval of mediæval things still left us—makes us again long for a full series of illustrations, not made up and

* *A New History of Painting in Italy from the Second to the Sixteenth Century*. By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. London: Murray. 1864.

monotonized in style, as the Arundel Society's "reproductions" have latterly often been, but giving the endless frescoes of the shrine in all their original grimness and present decay. Here the genius of Giotto, born in 1276, is found in its earliest stage; already we see that determined reference to nature, that aim at rendering action and expression, that wide grasp of life, not only in its monastic but in its humorous aspects, which were to mark, throughout his industrious career from Padua to Naples, the works of this first great master of modern art. Years after follow the thoughtful and graceful allegories with which Giotto decorated the lower church of Assisi:—

These allegories, next to the frescoes of the upper church of Assisi, enable the beholder to study the progress which Giotto had made as he emerged from adolescence into the enjoyment of independent life. In the frescoes of the upper church of Assisi the laws of composition and distribution had already been successfully developed. The space had been judiciously distributed, and the groups were bound together with such art that the resulting lines were at once simple and grand. Whilst the greatest and most difficult law of delineation was thus ably enforced, other maxims had not been forgotten. The painter explained his meaning everywhere. Not a movement but suited the general action; not a figure whose character was not befitting his quality and the part allotted to him in the scene; not a personage whose stature was not well proportioned, whose form was not rendered with intelligence of the action, the nude, and even of perspective. Nor was the latter quality of small value at a time when the science of placing objects as they appear in life was not ascertained in any way. Even the forms of architecture and distances, though they still remained the most imperfect of the accessory parts of painting, had been so improved as to exhibit at least greater nature, taste, and elegance of proportion than heretofore, and a purer style in decoration and ornament. This alone would point to Giotto as the author of the latest of the series of frescoes in the upper church of Assisi. In the ceilings of the lower church, known and admitted to be by him, they are to be discerned, in conjunction with a greater facility of hand, and better study of nature. For, as will be noted hereafter, Giotto improved with every year of his artistic life, till he reached the zenith of his power in the frescoes of the Peruzzi Chapel at Florence. But in one direction particularly the progress of Giotto was more remarkable than in any other. In the frescoes of the upper church of Assisi his drawing is slightly hard, his figures tall and slender, his colour cold in general tone, somewhat raw and ill-fused. In the ceilings of the lower church the figures gained better proportions, more nature and repose. The extremities were less defective, and more in accord with the rest of the person. The whole, in fact, gained harmony. The feeling for action vehemently expressed made place for a quieter and truer movement. The outlines, no longer hard, determined the forms with greater accuracy. The draperies were reduced to the simplest expression by the rejection, even to a fault, of every superfluous or useless fold. A spacious mass of light and shade imparted to the form a relief and rotundity which had long been absent. The system of colouring underwent a considerable change, and whilst it gained in breadth of modelling and fusion, preserved a lightness and clearness equally new and remarkable. The general undertone, instead of being of a dark verde, was laid on in light grey. Over it, warm colour, glazed with rosy and transparent tints, gave clearness to the flesh. The high lights were carefully stippled and fused without altering the general breadth of the masses. Giotto, in fact, founded a new law of colour, and entitled the Florentine school to assert its supremacy in this respect. In a regular and ever progressing sequence, Giotto, Orcagna, Masolino, Angelico, and Masaccio, and at last Fra Bartolommeo and Andrea del Sarto, carried the art of colouring in fresco to perfection. Raphael, though he surpassed all others in most qualities of art, remained behind the pure Tuscan school in this; whilst in the quality of chiaroscuro the master of all in the sixteenth century was Correggio. In the hands of Giotto, art in the peninsula became entitled for the first time to the name of Italian, for in composition, form, design, expression, and colour, he gave it one uniform stamp of originality in progress, an universal harmony of improvement.

Giotto is then traced by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle through his extant works in Rome, in the Podestà Chapel of Florence, in the well-known series at Padua, the less familiar but maturer and nobler frescoes at Santa Croce (in artistic value how much above the frightful modern monuments over which Byron has thrown the illusive halo of his genius!) to Naples—where his great Sta. Chiara picture may be still seen amidst the dirt and rubbish of a furniture shop. Thus it is that Italy, whilst a Court job piles up in Turin the tawdry Bersaglieri and sprawling allegories of M. Marochetti, honours her great artist—

Si che la fama di colui oscura!

Finally, we have the famous "Campanile," or at least as much of it as may have survived the "restoration," so-called, which in 1854 we saw in active operation upon the *corpus vile* of Giotto.

Next follow the Giotteschi, who soon "reduced what in him was art to the dimensions of a trade." But some better men do honour to the illustrious master. Such, in sculpture, is that Andrea di Pontedera who modelled the gates of Dante's "bel San Giovanni" from Giotto's designs; in which, "in all its vigour, and with a purely Italian character, statuary disclosed itself, free from the mannerisms or deficiencies of Niccolò or Giovanni" of Pisa. And such, in Giotto's own art, was Taddeo Gaddi and the greater name of Orcagna, whose works have been subjected in the book before us to a searching investigation, one of the endless corrections of popular errors which distinguish these volumes. Our authors give reasons here for attributing the famous frescoes of the Pisan "Holy Field" to the Lorenzetti of Siena, by one of whom we have a truly magnificent allegory still remaining in the town hall of that interesting little city. But the careful and brilliant sketch of the Sienese school—Duccio, Simone Martini, wrongly called Memmi by Vasari, and the rest—with the singular introduction of Giotto's style into Venice by Antonio Longhi (a name long after again illustrated by the delightful Milanese engraver), we must pass over, and return to the Athens, as Florence may be truly called, of early Italian art.

Here, the second great period of development is marked by Masaccio at the beginning of the fifteenth century, with his predecessor Masolino. A flood of light is thrown upon these painters, whose uncertain story has long been one of the most puzzling pro-

blems in the annals of art. One can hardly believe, till he reads these pages, how completely the carelessness of Vasari, copied by a hundred successors, had obscured the history of the remarkable men just named. Beginning from a sure basis of fact in Masolino's signed frescoes at Olona near Milan, M. Cavalcaselle annuls his right to the glories of the Brancacci Chapel at Florence, which are proved to belong almost entirely to the greater Masaccio. Ample justice is done to the latter's paintings at Rome, and to the Florentine series that so long served as a school to later artists:—

Masaccio here reveals in the fullest measure his grasp of the maxims which Giotto had declared. But whilst he thus worthily closes a great period, he opens a new one. One hand unites him to Giotto; the other is extended to Raphael.

We have now reached that memorable epoch when the antique influences, foreshadowed by Niccolò Pisano, were to revive in Italy, and thence overspread the whole of Europe. On more than an allusion to this change, momentous beyond all others since Christianity arose, pregnant with gain and with loss to humanity, we cannot here venture. The course of the so-called "classical" element (perhaps the clumsy adjective may not ill represent the strange half-Roman, half-Hellenic eclecticism which characterized Italian cultivation for two centuries) is traced by our authors through Brunelleschi, Donatello, Uccelli, and Ghiberti, whose "Gates" are criticized with a just union of admiration for the grace of their design, and censure on the false direction of their style. We compared above Athens to Florence; but Florence, we are often reminded, is Athens—with a difference. We can hardly find a trace of such false direction in the higher and more evenly balanced Athenian taste. Andrea del Castagno marks a further advance in the rather coarse realism which the many new impulses at work in art tended to generate in Florence. Our authors clear him of the murder of Domenico of Venice, so long one of the legends of painting, by this simple proof—Domenico outlived him four years. Yet this story—a story about fifty years old at his own birth—is told by Vasari with a gravity and a circumstance which have since imposed upon the world. So history is written!—and so, we may add, it is rewritten. A similar revenge is in store for Mr. Browning's favourite, Fra Filippo Lippi, whose memory our new and better Vasari clears from the imputations which have so long furnished a text for that silly criticism of sentimentalism which covers its multitude of blunders under the name of Religion.

Oil-painting comes in with the Peselli, Pollajuolo, and Baldovinetti—artists who, according to our authors, carried on the realistic school of Florence into a development which might be called rather sculpturesque than pictorial. The mighty Verrocchio is the crown of this tendency in art; Da Vinci, formed in his manner, by uniting it with spiritual feeling, rendered himself one of the few complete artists of the world. The Florentine system again, in the hands of Ghirlandajo, found another mode of complete development, more in accordance with the aim of Giotto and of Masaccio. We add the lucid and able summary of our authors:—

We now pass to the consideration of the works of a man whose life forms, like that of Giotto, one of the great landmarks in the history of Florentine art. Domenico Ghirlandajo was a painter whose energy and creative power contended the mere practice of painting altar-pieces, and whose grasp of the essential qualities of art enabled him to conceive and carry out greater creations. Unequal to Masaccio or even to Fra Filippo in the power of charming by brightness or richness of tone, he first claimed attention by his intelligence of grand and decorous laws of composition. His strongly tempered mind, braced with a nerve equal to that of Michael Angelo, was above the artifices of colour, and he doubtless considered them second to the science of distribution and of form, and calculated to fetter his inclination for expressing on large surfaces and with great speed the grand conceptions of his genius. In these conceptions, fruits of long study and careful thought, he aimed at embodying all the essential elements conducive to a perfect unity. That unity he had found in Giotto, and strove with such success to emulate, that he may be said to have completed the body of the edifice whose first stone had been laid almost two centuries before by that successful artist. Yet he might have struggled to the goal in vain, had he not taken for a guide in his pictorial manhood the works of one who had given proof, during a career too short for his contemporaries but long enough for his fame, that he possessed the noblest faculties. Ghirlandajo studied attentively and fruitfully the masterpieces of Masaccio at the Carmine, taking from them the grand qualities of decorum, dignity, and truth. Nor would his efforts have been crowned with complete success had he neglected the lessons taught by another class of men, the bias of whose thought and the tendencies of whose research had resulted in great gain to the various branches of their art. He gathered and harvested for subordinate use the experience of architects, of students of perspective, of form, of proportion, and light and shade, and learnt to apply the laws of chiaroscuro to the human frame, and to the still life that surrounds it. Without adding anything specially to the total amount of experience acquired by the efforts of successive researches, he garnered the whole of it within himself, and combined it in support and illustration of the great maxims which he had already treasured up, and thus conducted to the perfection of the masculine art of Florence, which culminated at last by the joint energy and genius of himself, Fra Bartolommeo, Raphael, and Michael Angelo.

Many distinguished names, especially that of Angelico and the later religious school of Florence and Umbria, have been of necessity passed over in our brief sketch. To those who wish to trace the story in its fulness we commend the volumes of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle; and we have only to repeat, in conclusion, that whether in power and discrimination of criticism, or in collection of important and interesting facts, the book is the richest mine of information upon Italian art which has been opened to us for many a long day.

KEBBEL'S ESSAYS UPON HISTORY AND POLITICS.*

IN these days, when periodical literature plays so important a part, much of the thought and argument which, years ago, would have sought to influence public opinion in some more formal way, naturally finds its channel of communication in the newspaper, review, or magazine article. To refuse a writer, therefore, the liberty of republishing, even if it were not a manifest injustice to him, would be an error in political economy of the same kind as that of allowing capital to lie idle. Indeed, in more ways than one, the practice of reprinting, under certain conditions, is likely to be beneficial to literature. A book published in this way undergoes a healthier discipline than if it had remained nine years in manuscript in the hands of the author, according to the old precept. It has, like the works of the ancient painters, stood in the porch and taken its chance of criticism from all comers. Periodical literature, too, will be a gainer by the extra care which a writer will bestow upon articles intended for something more than the mere temporary purpose for which they are ostensibly produced.

It is not exactly on these grounds that Mr. Kebbel justifies the volume now before us. His object, he says, was rather to test the value of his own ideas, "by submitting them to the only kind of scrutiny that can be considered really effective." But, although the modesty of the author will not allow him to set up a claim on the score of the merits of his Essays, no one who reads them with any degree of attention will, we think, deny that both in manner and matter they make out an irreproachable title to all the honours of publication in the collected form. One virtue in particular, which, though not all-sufficient, is nevertheless a "sweet virtue" in a political essay, they possess in a marked degree. They are, throughout, moderate in tone and tolerant of adverse opinion, not from any want of firmness in the author's convictions, but rather because he is naturally one of those "faire-spoken men" that Bacon recommends as being good for "persuasion." On some temperaments the study of politics acts as an irritant. In Mr. Kebbel's case it may not have been required to "soften his manners," but it has certainly "not permitted them to be fierce." In fact, he illustrates to some extent what he says, in one of his essays, about the beneficial effect of party influences on the individual. The discipline that is implied in the very idea of party tends to promote toleration of adverse opinions. A man is compelled to forego his pet crotchet, as a soldier in the ranks has to give up his own ideas about what is becoming and graceful in the way of dress and attitude. He is obliged in some degree to sink his individuality, and to take a broader view of politics than that suggested by his own likings or dislikings. The opinions and theories of the amateur have always something personal in them, while to the drilled and disciplined politician politics become a contest between principles, not an antagonism between persons, as the guerilla of political warfare would have them.

The essay to which we have alluded is an epitome of the history of English parties, showing the stages by which they have arrived at their present state. Mr. Kebbel counts three distinct phases. During the first, the point at issue was the comparative danger of a disputed succession on the one hand, and of a Popish prince on the other. During the second, the battle-field was the prerogative of the Crown, the Tories seeking to recover as much as the Revolution had left untouched, the Whigs resisting a reaction which they thought dangerous to the Constitution. During the third, the struggle shifted gradually from the prerogative to the ground of the national institutions; and we are now, he considers, in the fourth phase, the prerogative having dropped out of the quarrel altogether, and institutions having become the sole battle-ground of parties. In this case there is little left to modern Toryism of the original distinctive features of the party beyond the name, and the Tories are in much the same position as the Whigs. The latter party, Mr. Kebbel roundly asserts, are in these days "a sheer anachronism." Their old function as the opponents of prerogative is at least dormant, while their new one as popular Reformers has been worked out:—

From this point of view [he says] they remind us, rather, of Temple Bar, which, once a real protection to the liberties of the citizens, has now become an intolerable obstruction to traffic. It is venerable, but it is a nuisance.

Hence his grievance against Macaulay. Regarding, as he does, the modern Whig as a kind of political dodo, unaccountably preserved while his structure, habits, and functions all belong to a past age, he cannot understand a man like Lord Macaulay holding by the Whig traditions to the last, against his own instincts. In fact, he was a Whig against light. In theory, "he was as sound a Conservative as Lord Lyndhurst or Mr. Henley. His political principles were almost exactly the same as Burke's. Nature had made him a Conservative, but accident had made him a Whig."

Mr. Kebbel is not inclined to place Macaulay in the very highest rank as a critic. His distinguishing characteristics in that capacity, he thinks, were sense and clearness—"sense to see those plain truths which critics, in their search after profundity, too often miss; and that clearness of mind which made him sure of what he meant himself, and able to convey it to others." In this respect he points out a very curious similarity between Macaulay and Dr. Johnson as to their mode of criticism, which he illustrates by comparing the well-known criticism of Robert Montgomery's poems with that of Johnson on Gray's "Ode to a Favourite Cat." As far as similarity of style goes, in this particular instance the comparison holds good. But, as regards the critical powers of the two

men, it should be borne in mind that Johnson misused his strength when he came down in that heavy common-sense way, like a Nasmyth hammer on a nut, upon a playful trifle carelessly thrown off by such a man as Gray; while Macaulay, having to deal with the sheer nonsense of a man who never wrote anything but nonsense, had no choice. The stuff before him was too flabby and incoherent for the exercise of criticism properly so called. Nor do we think Mr. Kebbel altogether right in the construction he puts on Lord Macaulay's remarks on "correctness" in poetry. All that Macaulay meant was to enter his protest against the idea—which, though now pretty well exploded, certainly did prevail to a great extent thirty years ago—that the school of poetry of which Pope may be considered the type had the monopoly of correctness, and that the works of the Elizabethan dramatists and of the poets of the present century are not correct, because in them conformity to rules is subordinate to the development of the creative power.

As to Macaulay's position in English literature, Mr. Kebbel thinks it will be all the higher when he ceases to be regarded as an historian:—

Of these four volumes of bold and brilliant declamation, we may well say that they are beautiful, they are magnificent, but that they are not history. Yet, as with the actual exploit of war to which those words allude, so with the marvellous works to which we have applied them, the mistake is forgotten while the glory endures. Macaulay will be read, quoted, and honoured long after his aspersions of great men, and misstatements of important truths, have been buried in oblivion. When he ceases to be regarded as a sound historian, he will be all the more loved as a delightful author; and the memory of his errors will perish when they have lost the power to mislead.

An historian, or rather school of historians, of a very different stamp from Lord Macaulay, forms the subject of another essay. The work specially referred to is Mr. Charles Knight's *Popular History of England*: but Mr. Kebbel's remarks are directed rather at the class to which it belongs than at the book itself, and we cannot help suspecting that, while he takes Mr. Knight's History to task, he has his eye on a far greater offender, the *Child's History of England* of Mr. Charles Dickens. The objections he urges against writers of this sort of history are, in the first place, their proneness to represent the country as having been always divided into two hostile parties, the oppressors and the oppressed, the one seeking to preserve their liberties, the other to crush them—a view of history which has so little in fact to support it that it can only be accounted for by the theory that the moment a man sits down to write something "popular," he begins to think of the Victoria Theatre, and the haughty baron and the humble peasant, who have been, in a rough way, the types of society time out of mind. His second objection refers to a much more innocent weakness—the excessive jubilations of these writers over the material progress of the age in which they live. Speaking of Mr. Knight's enthusiasm in this direction, he says:—

He is like one who takes his child into a banker's strong room to see the sovereigns tossed about with a shovel; and we can fancy him regarding those poor devils, our ancestors, with the same kind of pity that a kind-hearted alderman would feel for the man who had never tasted green fat. The pity is perfectly sincere, but coupled with a vague kind of notion that, after all, such a man must be more or less a villain, or he would have had green fat.

The main portion of the book consists of essays on the political and historical positions of leading statesmen in this and the last century; and those on Pitt, the Grenvilles, Canning, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Disraeli, taken as a whole, epitomize in a most readable form the political history of the last seventy years. The essay on Mr. Disraeli is of itself sufficient to stamp the book as one which no Conservative gentleman's library should be without. It is an able and eloquent review of that gentleman's services to the party—services, Mr. Kebbel says, "such as hardly any other living statesman could have performed."

While commanding the honesty and ability of these essays, we must not do them the injustice of omitting a word of commendation for a minor virtue—the style in which they are written. Mr. Kebbel has that command over his pen which enables him to write without any straining after brilliancy or effect, clearly, forcibly, and in quiet classical English. Indeed, we suspect he is somewhat of a disciplinarian in this matter. The only instance in which we can perceive anything like a display of temper on his part is when he has to deal with Mr. Carlyle. History written in the style of the Life of Frederick the Great seems to irritate him a little, though he cordially acknowledges the dramatic power, picturesqueness, humour, and real kindness of heart that shine through the pages of that wayward book.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE first volume of the official account of the Prussian expedition to Japan* loses much of the interest it would otherwise have possessed through appearing after the similar publications of Commodore Perry and Sir Rutherford Alcock. The narrative of one Japanese embassy is very much like that of any other; the explorers are introduced to much the same objects of inspection and contemplation, derive much the same impressions from them, and have the same story to relate of polite evasion and incorrigible chicanery. So far as the interests of Prussian commerce were concerned, the expedition might as well have remained at home; but the real object of giving the national flag an airing was happily accomplished, and, if the record of the

* *Die Preussische Expedition nach Ost-Asien. Nach amtlichen Quellen.* Bd. I. Berlin: Decker. London: Williams & Norgate.

voyage presents thus far no feature of especial interest, it is at any rate creditable to the diligence, discrimination, and narrative faculty of the writer. By much the most interesting portion of the work is the historical introduction — a mere condensation, indeed, of matter already in print, but pregnant with curious facts, and highly suggestive to the philosophic student of history. Japan offers the almost unique spectacle of a nation left to itself for upwards of two thousand years, and permitted to develop its institutions in its own way. The result has been the preservation of the original framework of society in all essential respects. Material progress has been unaccompanied by any corresponding progress in ideas; the old dynasty has lost its authority, but the maxims of administration remain unaltered; new religious systems have been introduced, but they subsist harmoniously along with the old. To conceive a parallel case, we may suppose that Carausius had succeeded in founding a Romano-British kingdom, and transmitting it to his successors; that throughout the middle ages the sea-girt realm had proved the ark of the Latin language and institutions; and that the dynasty of the fortunate soldier had come down into the nineteenth century with Consuls and Senators, Augurs and Flamens, the rites of the Vestals and the jurisprudence of Ulpian. Japan has witnessed no such phenomena as the decay of a vast social system, the rise of another on its ruins, and the gradual transformation of this into something unlike either. The same intensely feudal and aristocratic system has subsisted since the dawn of Japanese history; there are no indications of anything like a democratic movement, such as Buddhism in India. Indeed, Buddhism, so liberal in its origin, appears to have accommodated itself perfectly to the aristocratic despotism of Japan; otherwise, the Buddhists, now so numerous, would have experienced the fate of the Christians, who were tolerated and even encouraged so long as the inevitable results of their doctrine were not discerned, but ruthlessly exterminated as soon as its incompatibility with Japanese institutions became manifest. It must be acknowledged that, from their point of view, the Japanese rulers could not well have acted otherwise. The Buddhists had been content to rely on the moral superiority of their religion; the Christians looked to foreign aid, and were fast establishing an *imperium in imperio*. The writer of the introduction to this work has compiled a very interesting *résumé* of these transactions, as well as of the Japanese annals in general. They are principally records of civil strife, sufficiently disastrous to individuals, but involving no question of principle, and exercising no disturbing influence on the old order of things. This would not have been the case if, as in Europe, there had been a middle class capable of profiting by the weakness of the nobles, after these had exhausted themselves by their contentions.

Armin's *Mexico** is a compilation executed with true German thoroughness. It contains an ample, but by no means prolix, account of everything of interest relating to the country — its history ancient and modern, the stupendous and enigmatical remains of its extinct civilization, its population, physical features, and productions. The work is most admirably and profusely illustrated, and is probably the best compendium extant of information on Mexican matters. The compiler does not appear very sanguine of the Emperor Maximilian's ability to regenerate the semi-savages he has undertaken to govern.

Wiese's work on Prussian schools† is another compilation of the most exhaustive character and of very considerable importance. It is an official report, prepared by authority of the Government, comprehending a mass of statistical information respecting the history and management of every college and grammar-school in the kingdom. This embraces the endowments of the various institutions, the cost and method of instruction, the qualifications and salaries of the masters, the government regulations respecting them, the number of the scholars, and the occupations followed by those who have left school. It is intended to publish a similar volume every five years. The official character of his labours, of course, precludes Dr. Wiese from offering any criticisms on the practical working of a system unimpeachable, no doubt, in theory, but carried out by pedantic officials in the interest of a retrograde Government. If we may judge from a recollection of his volume on English public schools, he would probably admit that education may be overdone in Prussia as well as in China.

No parturient mountain ever produced a more ludicrously diminutive mouse than the German invasion of France in 1792.‡ It was an Herculean labour reversed; for the infant serpent of revolution proved far too strong for the adult demigod of legitimacy. The mortifying tale is clearly and fully told by Captain Renouard, in a narrative occasionally too technical for unprofessional readers. The causes of failure lie to a certain extent on the surface — the late time of year when the expedition was undertaken, the difficulty of obtaining provisions, the exceptional unhealthiness of the season, the undue reliance on the co-operation of the French royalists, and, above all, the weakness of the King of Prussia and the indecision of his general. The Duke of Brunswick was indeed an able commander, who usually discerned the best course of action; but he seldom possessed sufficient force of character to carry it out in the face of any energetic opposition, and wasted his powers in the grudging execution of plans repugnant to his

better judgment. But, after all, the real cause lay in the incompetence of old generals and statesmen to contend with the spirit of revolution, which was to them what gunpowder was to an Aztec, or what an Englishman is to an Oriental — a novel phenomenon, inexpressibly disagreeable, inconceivably formidable, and totally unintelligible.

By 1813 the revolutionary spirit had exhausted itself for the time being, and another force, equally potent, if more temperate — the ardour of patriotism — animated those who had once so feebly contended with it. The German War of Liberation affords a noble subject for the historian, to which the late General Heller* has been able to make some acceptable contributions. By much the most important of these are a series of letters written by Prince Schwarzenberg, the Austrian generalissimo during the campaign of 1814. They seem to have been published with the design of exalting the Prince's military character, which, however, they leave much as they found it. It is clear, on his own showing, that he was altogether a second-rate man, terribly afraid of Napoleon, and who would have been only too glad to have left him on the throne. He was exceedingly averse to march upon Paris, and speaks with unfeigned horror of the "childish fury" of Blucher and Gneisenau. So late as the end of March, "he cannot see through the mist." He accuses Wellington of neglecting the general interest, and, certainly with more reason, observes no measure in his language respecting the Crown Prince of Sweden — "the wretched behaviour of this rascally Bernadotte!" On the whole, the impression left by these letters is, that the success of the allies was largely owing to the determination of the Emperor Alexander, whose vacillating purpose was for once kept steady by his ambition to enter Paris as a conqueror.

According to the generally trustworthy authority of the most recent French biographical dictionary, J. F. Reichardt † was only distinguished as a composer by his dexterity in appropriating and re-arranging the ideas of others. The question, therefore, arises, why he should have a biography in two thick volumes, one published, the other announced. We can find no other reason than that he left a bulky autobiographical fragment behind him which the editor considers it necessary to finish on the same scale. A much shorter memorial would have served the purpose much better, and would not have been unwelcome, for Reichardt's character was not devoid of interesting traits. He belonged to a rare type of musicians — those who can afford to be independent of patronage, and who cultivate their art *en grands seigneurs*. Haughty, resolute, ostentatious, he reminds us not a little of Gluck; he was a politician, an epicure, a man of the world. The Court would have seemed his proper sphere, but for his dangerous freedom of speech; he directed the Berlin Opera for many years, till he differed with his Prussian Majesty respecting the French Revolution, and lost his place, as was but reasonable. The most interesting part of the book is the occasional mention of distinguished contemporaries, such as Kant, Klopstock, Gluck, and Emanuel Bach. There is a beautiful description of the latter at the piano. Kant, we are told, took more part in the pleasures of the table than strictly became a philosopher, but to hear him talk on such occasions was to obtain a full reply to the query, *si un Allemand peut avoir de l'esprit*. Next to music, Gluck's principal pursuit was speculation in the funds, which he prosecuted with great success.

The first part of an eighth edition of Tischendorf's New Testament ‡ lies before us, and appears to be a great improvement even upon the last. According to the prospectus, the editor has been enabled to avail himself of no less than twenty-two additional manuscripts, including the famous *Codex Sinaiticus*, with the aid of which he undertakes to restore the text as it existed in the second century.

The second volume of Hefele's *Essays on Ecclesiastical Archaeology*§ is chiefly made up of short pieces, and contains nothing equal in compass or in importance to most of the articles in the first. They mostly refer to liturgical minutiae, and present the fruits of immense erudition in a very agreeable form. The writer is the same whose History of Councils has been so frequently referred to in the controversy between Mr. Keble and "Anglicanus."

An essay on Plotinus|| is the work of an admirer well acquainted with his writings, but perhaps too much disposed to view him as an isolated thinker, without reference to the influence of his epoch. The rise and fall of the Neo-Platonic philosophy presents a singular parallel to the partial reaction of our own age in the direction of Roman Catholicism. In both cases, the light of an expiring system leapt up higher than ever for a moment, and then relapsed into total obscurity. The undue contempt heaped upon what was once great, and must ever remain venerable, provoked men of chivalrous impulses to come forward in its defence. They were so far wiser than their opponents that

* *Erinnerungen aus den Freiheitskriegen*. Von F. Heller von Hellwald. Herausgegeben von Ferdinand von Hellwald. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Asher & Co.

† *Johann Friedrich Reichardt, sein Leben und seine musikalische Thätigkeit*. Dargestellt von H. M. Schletterer. Augsburg: Schlosser. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Novum Testamentum Graecum*. Recensuit Constantinus Tischendorf. Editio Octava. Lipsiae: Winter. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Beiträge zur Kirchengeschichte, Archäologie und Liturgik*. Von Dr. C. J. Hefele. Tübingen: Laupp. London: Nutt.

|| *Über Leben und Geistesentwicklung des Plotin*. Neu Platonische Studien. Von Dr. A. Richter. Halle: Schmidt. London: Asher & Co.

* *Das heutige Mexiko*. Von T. Armin. Leipzig: Spamer. London: Asher & Co.

† *Das Höhere Schulwesen in Preussen*. Von Dr. L. Wiese. Berlin: Wiegandt und Grieben. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Geschichte des Französischen Revolutionskrieges im Jahre 1792*. Von C. Renouard. Cassel: Fischer. London: Asher & Co.

they could perceive the original greatness of the old system, and so far wiser than their friends that they no less discerned the necessity of a reconstruction. Hence Plotinus's resolution of mythology into allegory, and Dr. Newman's discovery that, when religion is concerned, corruption means "development." But the restoration satisfied nobody, for while criticism saw that it was a compromise with the exigencies of an uncomfortable position, conservatism preferred even the old ruins to a castle in the air. Whatever was really vital in the ancient belief was assimilated by its successor, and the attempted renovation remained a barren monument of ingenuity, capable at most of here and there exciting the enthusiasm of a stray admirer.

In this connexion we may mention a beautiful edition of Plato's *Symposium*, published at Bonn *, and two essays on modern philosophers. A pamphlet on Schopenhauer † is more readable than such works usually are, being filled with good hearty abuse of the deceased sage. Hieronymus Hirnheim ‡ was a Silesian philosopher of the seventeenth century. His biographer regards him as one of the founders of the sceptical school, from his disengagement of metaphysical speculation and his bitter complaints of the vanity of science. The practical conclusions he deduced were, however, the reverse of Hume's, for he was a devout Catholic, with a strong tinge of mysticism, and a tendency to "Jansenism." This little monograph is executed with great neatness.

Wuttke's *Christian Ethics* § is a dry, formal treatise, except so far as its contents are of an historical character. It would, however, be a useful book of reference for clergymen and lecturers. We must be content with a bare reference to a work on English ||, and another on general, Jurisprudence. ¶ A selection from the Archives of Lubeck ** seems to contain much of interest both to the jurist and the historian of commerce; but the rugged uncouthness of the antiquated text is likely to keep both at bay till they invoke the aid of the philologist.

If the place of Herr Elze's Life of Scott †† be not already occupied, it will be a valuable acquisition to German literature. No biographer subsequent to Lockhart can do much more than condense him; but there is wrong as well as a right way even of making an abridgment, and Herr Elze has made his in a way that evinces the fullest control over his materials. The great deficiency of the book is the subordinate place allotted to literary criticism—an unheard-of failing in a German biography of a man of letters. The writer is evidently well acquainted with English affairs in general, but his disparaging mention of the Lake poets seems to indicate that he only knows them by hearsay. A more ludicrous mistake, and a pregnant warning of the danger of that "general knowledge" which a judicious Oxford definition identifies with "particular ignorance," is the description of our modern sensation literature as "a species of composition cultivated by unmarried ladies, as Miss Braddon, Miss Mulock, and Miss Kavanagh (!)." On the whole, however, the work is most creditable, and it cannot but be gratifying to Englishmen to find the story of a great countryman narrated with such carefulness and evident zeal.

Another publication bears witness to the warm interest which Byron's writings, unduly depreciated here of late years, continue to excite on the Continent. It is a translation of such of them as, in Herr Gildemeister's †† opinion, have established their claim to permanence by the test of more than half a century, and which comprise fully three-fourths of the whole. The translation is in general excellent, terse, vigorous, and peculiarly successful in satirical and humorous passages, such as the persiflage of English institutions in "Beppo," and the imprecatory eloquence of the seamen in the "Island." The translator's principal fault seems to be a propensity to embellish his original. Thus, in the description of the interrupted ball at Brussels, "Paladinen" are fetched all the way from the days of Charlemagne to produce nothing like the impression of Byron's simple phrase "brave men"; and "Donmerschlunde" is an equally feeble and pompous rendering of plain cannon. On the whole, however, the version is a great success, and another brilliant instance of the amazing copiousness and flexibility of the German language. The two volumes already published contain "Childe Harold," and most of the metrical romances. "Don Juan," "Manfred," "Cain," "Heaven and Earth," "Sardanapalus," and a selection of the best lyrical poems, are to follow.

Promethea §§ is a phenomenon grievously misplaced in this

degenerate age, being a Latin poem in twenty-five books—not too many either, considering that it treats *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. It is probably unique among its class as an imitation of the style of Lacretius, and is, we trust, equally unique as an example of arrant prose and excruciating versification. It has probably afforded a store of harmless amusement to the author, who seems to be a good, simple man.

Edmund Hoefer's *Altermann Ryke** is entitled to the first place among the numerous novels that lie before us, not on account of any peculiar merit as a work of art, but as an elaborate and apparently accurate picture of life in a German mercantile town at the beginning of this century. The habitual stiffness and prolixity of a German novel are here in keeping with the characteristics of the solemn and old-fashioned society delineated, and the laborious minuteness of the execution reminds us, not unpleasantly, of the Dutch pictures to which most of us are indebted for our clearest conceptions of guilds and burgomasters. The old Altermann himself is a most solid piece of painting, and the manner in which seemingly contradictory traits of character are harmonized in him shows fine perception and considerable originality. *Gottfried Kinkel*† is also interesting as a delineation from the life. How far it is founded on fact we do not know, but that it is so to a considerable degree is apparent from its agreement with the published biographies of Kinkel, which have been so extremely liberal in imparting information usually reserved for posterity as to leave the novelist little room, and less occasion, for the exercise of his inventive faculty. *Peregrin*‡, a polemical novel, declamatory and mystical, is the work of a lady who has long outlived her once considerable reputation. Two or three tales suffice to exhaust the slender capital of thought with which Countess Hahn-Hahn commenced her literary career, and her later works are but a monotonous reiteration of ideas degraded into platitudes. But though the old geniality is gone, the old unwholesome excitement continues unabated. The very names of the personages are redolent of hyper-idealism—Justina, Alaric, Columba, Heliade.

Vier Jucker §, by George Hasekiel, is a tolerably readable novel, and the same may be said of the collections of short tales by Otto Müller|| and Leopold Kompert ¶. German fruit can hardly be expected to bear transplantation to England and back again. Herr Beta's ** samples, at all events, are not remarkable for flavour, with the problematical exception of one tale which we should be almost certain of having seen before in English were not its originality vindicated by the mention of St. Duncan's Church. The last part of the book is a chapter on English domestic life, from which we learn that the uses of adultery have proved very sweet to the majority of the German exiles, whom we may regard as countrymen on the principle, *Ubicunque bene vivitur, ibi patria*.

* *Altermann Ryke. Eine Geschichte aus dem Jahre 1806.* Von Edmund Hoefer. Berlin: Janke. London: Asher & Co.

† *Gottfried Kinkel. Historische Novelle.* Von R. Fidus. Cottbus: A. Heine. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Peregrin. Ein Roman.* Von Ida Gräfin Hahn-Hahn. 2 Bde. Mainz: Kirchheim. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Vier Jucker. Roman.* Von George Hasekiel. 3 Bde. Berlin: Janke. London: Asher & Co.

|| *Erzählungen und Charakterbilder.* Von Otto Müller. 2 Bde. Berlin: Janke. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Geschichten einer Gasse. Novellen.* Von Leopold Kompert. 2 Bde. Berlin: Gerschel. London: Asher & Co.

** *Deutsche Früchte aus England. Erzählungen und Erlebnisse.* Von H. Beta. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Grunow. London: Williams & Norgate.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.—In our notice of the performance in our last Number (December 17) we inadvertently asked Chremes to reconsider his conception of some of the earlier scenes of his part. For Chremes read Phormio.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early train, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—General TOM THUMB'S LAST RECEPTION, Saturday, December 24, at Half-past Three. Palace well warmed and lighted up.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—This Day, Saturday.—JUVENILE ENTERTAINMENT and PROMENADE. Last Appearance of General TOM THUMB, his Wife (Mrs. STRATTON), Miss MINNIE WARREN, and Commodore

2.0 to 3.0.—Private Reception in the Large Room adjoining the Egyptian Court, during which the infant Daughter of the General and Mrs. Stratton will be present.

3.0.—Public Reception in the Concert Room, at which the General, Mrs. Stratton, Miss Warren, and the Commodore will give a Juvenile Entertainment in various characters.

Commodore's Fancy Dress Ball.

Evening was brilliant and brilliantly lighted up at dusk for Afternoon Promenade during Mr. C. R. S. Feifer's Grand Performance.

Admission, Half a Crown; Children, One Shilling; Guinea Boxes Tickets free.

[December 24, 1864.]

GREAT ATTRACTION for the HOLIDAYS.—Commodore **NUTT** and **MINNIE WARREN** will, on Boxing-day and during the Holidays, hold **THREE GRAND LEVYEE** at St. James's Hall—vis. Eleven, Three, and Eight o'clock. They will appear in each Levyee in a variety of Songs, Dances, Duets, &c., and at the Eleven o'clock Levyee they will appear in the identical Costume worn by them at the Marriage of General Tom Thumb. The Commodore and Miss Warren will be drawn from their Residences to and from the Hall in the identical Coach by Four, with the same attendants in the same Attire. A Present from General Tom Thumb—Admission, 1s. and 2s. Reserved Seats, 1s. Children under Ten half-price in 2s. and 1s. places.

WINTER EXHIBITION, 120 Pall Mall.—The Twelfth Annual Exhibition of CABINET PICTURES by Living British Artists is NOW OPEN, from 9.30 A.M. to 5 P.M.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN, Albemarle Street, W.—Professor FRANKLAND will deliver a Course of SIX LECTURES on the Chemistry of a Coal, on the Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays next ensuing; commencing on Tuesday, Dec. 27, at Three o'clock. Subscription, for this Course, One Guinea (or Children under Sixteen Half a Guinea); for all the Courses of Lectures, Two Guineas.

H. BENCE JONES, Hon. Sec.

DR. TYNDALL, F.R.S., will commence a Course of EIGHT LECTURES on ELECTRICITY, on Wednesday, December 28, at Eight o'clock p.m., to be continued on the Evenings of the 29th and 30th, and the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th of January, 1865.—Tickets may be had at the Royal School of Mines, Jermyn Street, 34, for the whole Course.

TRENTHAM REEKS, Registrar.

ST. AIDAN'S THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE, BIRKENHEAD. Patron—His Grace the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY. Principal—The Rev. JOSEPH BAYLEE, D.D.

Lent Term begins January 25, 1865.—Prospects and further particulars obtained upon application to the Secretary.

KILBURN COLLEGE, Mortimer Road, Kilburn, London, N.W.—Principal—Mr. GEORGE OGG, University of London, formerly Instructor of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. In this Establishment PUPILS receive a first-class Education, Classical, Mathematical, and General; and are prepared for Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the Public Schools. Every attention is paid to health and comfort. The situation is elevated; the School-rooms, Dining-room, Lavatory, and Dormitories lofty and spacious. The Easter Term commences January 18.—Prospects on application to the Principal.

KENSINGTON COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, 39 Kensington Square, W.—Head Master—FREDERIC NASH, Esq., late Principal of the Nelliserry High School; assisted by E. V. WILLIAMS, Esq., H.A., Oxon.; W. HUGHES, Esq., F.R.G.S., King's College, London; Mons. E. SAPOLIN, M.A., Paris; and others.

Tuition Fees—in the Classical Division, 12 guineas per annum; in the English Division, (French included), 9 guineas; in the Preparatory, 6 guineas. A few Boarders are received at 26s per annum; under Nine years of age, 42s. Prospects on application.

SUTTON VALENCE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, near Staplehurst, Kent.—Head Master, Rev. J. D. KINGDON, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. This School has been rebuilt, largely extended, and further endowed with Exhibitions to the Universities and Scholarships by the Governors. The Course of Education is such as will prepare Boys for the Universities, Professions, Civil Service, and other Civil Pursuits. For particulars, apply to the HEAD-MASTER, at the School. The next Term will commence on January 1, 1865.

Sutton Valence is on the high ground looking down on the Weald of Kent.

ALDENHAM SCHOOL, near Watford, Herts.—The new Buildings will be ready after the Christmas Holidays. There are Eight Exhibitions and Sixty Foundation Scholarships.—Address, Rev. A. LEISMAN, M.A., Head-Master.

FRANCE.—ST. GERMAIN-en-LAYE SCHOOL.—Patron, Lord BROUGHAM.—This School is carrying out a limited scale the system of International Education expounded in the Report addressed to the Secretary of the French Association for the Study of Modern Languages by the Head-Master, Professor Brauer, and published in the "Constitution" of August 15, 1864. The object in view is twofold. First—to afford the means of acquiring a complete practical knowledge of Living Languages. Second—to combine the study of them with sound Classical Studies and with special preparation for the Examinations which in the Four principal Countries of Europe give admission to the different Professions. The School receives Pupils of both sexes, under Fourteen years in the first, pupils above that age in the second division.—For Prospects apply, by letter, pre-paid, to the HEAD-MASTER, 68 Rue de Poissy, St. Germain-en-Laye, near Paris; or in London, at Mr. Maurice's Office, 14 Tavistock Street, Covent-Garden.

EDUCATION.—THE FRENCH and GERMAN COLLEGE, in connexion with the Church of England, Merton, Surrey (established 1848), combines the advantages of Continental Residence with a sound Classical and English Education. The French and German taught by Native Professors. Preparations for Civil Service and other Competitive Examinations. Extensive Playground, Cricket-field, with large Swimming-bath and Gymnasium.—For Prospects, apply to the PRINCIPAL.

INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE INSTITUTE, 8 St. Peter's Terrace, Bayswater.—Principal—Rev. Canon FREY, M.A.

At this Institution PUPILS are EXPEDITIOUSLY and EFFICIENTLY prepared for the INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE, Woolwich, Sandhurst, Direct Commissions, and also for the Universities. Since the opening of this Establishment, September 1, 1859, TWENTY-TWO of its Pupils have succeeded in passing, several having obtained high places. For Terms, &c., apply to the Rev. the PRINCIPAL, as above.

INDIA CIVIL SERVICE.—CANDIDATES for the India Civil Service Competitive Examinations are Prepared at the CIVIL SERVICE HALL, 12 Princes Square, Bayswater, W., where Instruction is given in all the Branches allowed to be taken up.—Apply for Prospects, containing List of Teachers, successful Candidates, Terms, &c., to A. D. SPRANG, M.A., 12 Princes Square, Bayswater, W.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.—CANDIDATES are prepared for all branches of the Civil Service in an EVENING CLASS held at King's College. For particulars apply to

J. W. CUNNINGHAM, Esq., Secretary.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, the LINE, the UNIVERSITIES, and the CIVIL SERVICE.—EIGHT PUPILS are prepared for the above by the Rev. G. R. ROBERTS, M.A., late Fellow of Cor. Ch. Coll., Cam.; late Mathematical and Classical Professor in the R. I. M. College, Addiscombe; and late Assistant Examiner of Direct Indian Cadets, and of Candidates by Competition for the Indian Civil Engineers Corps.—Address, Rev. G. R. ROBERTS, Croydon, S.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, the ARMY Direct, and the CIVIL SERVICE.—The Rev. C. J. HUGHES, M.A., LL.D., and Wrangler of Cambridge, who has prepared nearly 200 Pupils for the above Examinations, will, on application, send a Prospectus of Terms and other Information.—Castilebar Court, Ealing, W.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, and DIRECT COMMISSIONS.—A Cambridge M.A., Wrangler and Scholar of Trinity College, takes PUPILS.—Address, the Vicar of DORSET, near Windsor.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, and THE LINE EXAMINATIONS.—A CAMBRIDGE M.A., assisted by a High Wrangler and other Experienced Masters, receives EIGHT RESIDENT PUPILS. References to Parents of Pupils who have Passed.—Angel Terrace, Brixton.

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THE Rev. THOMAS GWYNN, M.A. Ch. Ch. Oxford (late Assistant Master of Marlborough College), has VACANCIES for a few Boys from the ages of Eight to Fourteen years, to be prepared for Marlborough College or the other Public Schools. The Course of Instruction will be performed at the Rev. G. B. Cope's School, 12 Princes Square, Bayswater, the Rev. C. B. Cope's School, 16 Grosvenor Place, Alresford Hants (late Students of Tutor of Christ Church, Oxford); the Rev. F. V. Thornton, Rector of Callington, Cornwall. Inclusive Terms, Sixty Guineas per Annum.—For further particulars, apply to Rev. T. Gwynn, Canover Park, Micheldever Station, Hants.

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